BACK TO THE FUTURE
TIME SERVED
GALE • BARBER • FERREIRA • FABBIO

MORE *BACK TO THE FUTURE*:

BACK TO THE FUTURE:
Untold Tales and Alternate Timelines

BACK TO THE FUTURE:
The Continuum Conundrum

BACK TO THE FUTURE:
Who Is Marty McFly?

BACK TO THE FUTURE:
Hard Time

BACK TO THE FUTURE:
Citizen Brown

BACK TO THE FUTURE:
Biff To The Future

TIME SERVED

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THE STORY SO FAR:

Thinking he was doing Marty a favor, Professor Marcus Irving "borrowed" Doc's DeLorean and took Marty to 1972 to solve the mystery of the robbery for which Uncle Joey went to prison. After discovering it involved Doc Brown and his mother, they tried to go back to 1986–but the DeLorean had vanished. While Marcus searched for the car, Marty tracked down Joey–and came face-to-face with Biff Tannen!

TIME SERVED PART 1

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TIME SERVED PART 2

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TIME SERVED PART 3

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TIME SERVED PART 4

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eISBN: 9781684063987

DIGITAL

IDW UNIVERSAL

www.IDWPUBLISHING.com

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Originally published as BACK TO THE FUTURE issues #22–25.

Welcome to *Time Served*, which collects the concluding issues of IDW's first *Back to the Future* series. Here we tie up the long, continuing story line that began in issue #5 (reprinted in our first trade paperback *Untold Tales and Alternate Timelines*), and we also set the stage for our new series, *Tales of the Time Train*. In so doing, we bring closure to the mysteries from our previous collection, *Hard Time*.

This volume marks the *BTTF* swan song of Editor Tom Waltz as he moves on to other projects at IDW, and I will miss him. Tom was a primary instigator of this series, and I couldn't have had a more supportive ally. Not only have his creative ideas been outstanding, but his intrinsic understanding of *Back to the Future* and of my creative approach meant he always knew the right people to hire. Thanks to Tom, we've had the talents of writer John Barber and artist Marcelo Ferreira to bring these tales to life, along with all of the artists, writers, and colorists who made the series what it is. Denton Tipton takes over as our new editor and, keeping his record intact, Tom clearly found the right guy to take over (you'll see what I mean in the new series). For this collection, John and Marcelo are back to finish what we all started in the previous volume, bringing the story of Uncle Joey to close in high style.

Also, a round of applause to Justin Eisinger and Alonzo Simon for making sure that all of these collections turned out so beautifully, and for putting up with my frequent nitpicking.

I also want to thank all of our wonderful fans whose support of this series resulted in it blossoming into something that none of us imagined when it first began back in 2015. We all thought we were doing just four standalone issues, and we made it to 25 (no small feat these days), with two mini-series alongside–for a grand total of 36 individual comics–and at least one more mini-series in the works!

Maybe that's a *Back to the Future* tradition, because when Robert Zemeckis and I made the first *BTTF* movie, we had no idea anyone would want to see it, much less that it would become so successful that two sequels would result, along with 26 episodes of a Saturday morning cartoon series.

It again shows that Doc Brown's words, "You never know what the future may bring" couldn't be more apropos.

So enjoy this concluding chapter of our past, and then–it's on to the future!

BOB GALE
November, 2017

TIME SERVED: PART 1

COVER ART BY **MARCELO FERREIRA,** COLORS BY **JOSE LUIS RIO**

ONCE AGAIN...
...HUFF HUFF...
...I'M IN THE WRONG PLACE...
...HUFF HUFF...
...IN THE WRONG TIME...
TANNEN
...HAVEN'T RUN...
...HUFF HUFF...
...THIS MUCH SINCE...
...HUFF HUFF...
...WELL...
...HUFF HUFF...
...MAYBE EVER...
PERHAPS MARTIN HAS...
...HUFF HUFF...
...HAD BETTER LUCK...
...HUFF HUFF...
...OH MY GOODNESS!

STOP!
...LORRAINE WOULD BE BETTER OFF IF THEY JUST SENT HIM TO JAIL...
...BUT HE'S FAMILY. AND I CAN'T JUST—
—EH?
LOOK OUT!
YIPE!
BEFORE I MET DOCTOR BROWN AND MARTIN, I NEVER HAD CAUSE TO LEAP FROM THE PATH OF AN ONCOMING MOTOR-CAR...
...AN EVENT WHICH NOW SEEMS TO OCCUR WITH ALARMING REGULARITY.
BIFF'S CAR DETAILING SERVICES
WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA, RUNNING AROUND IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT?!
I COULD HAVE CRASHED RIGHT INTO YOU!

PARDON ME, KIND SIR! I WAS DISTRACTED BY MY...
...WELL, I WAS DISTRACTED.
I GUESS I WASN'T PAYING ATTENTION, EITHER. HEY—
—YOU HAVEN'T SEEN A KID, ABOUT 18, RUNNING AROUND LOOKING FOR TROUBLE, HAVE YOU?
NO.
YOU HAVEN'T BY CHANCE COME ACROSS A SILVER CAR RESEMBLING A HOLLYWOOD SPACECRAFT, HAVE YOU?
SORRY. GOOD LUCK, THOUGH.
AND STAY SAFE. YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT'S...
...GOING TO JUMP OUT AT YOU...
TANNEN
AUTO DETAILING
GET YOUR CAR SPICK AND SPAM!
CALL 9
BIFF!
OF COURSE!
I DON'T UNDERSTAND THIS ERA AT ALL.

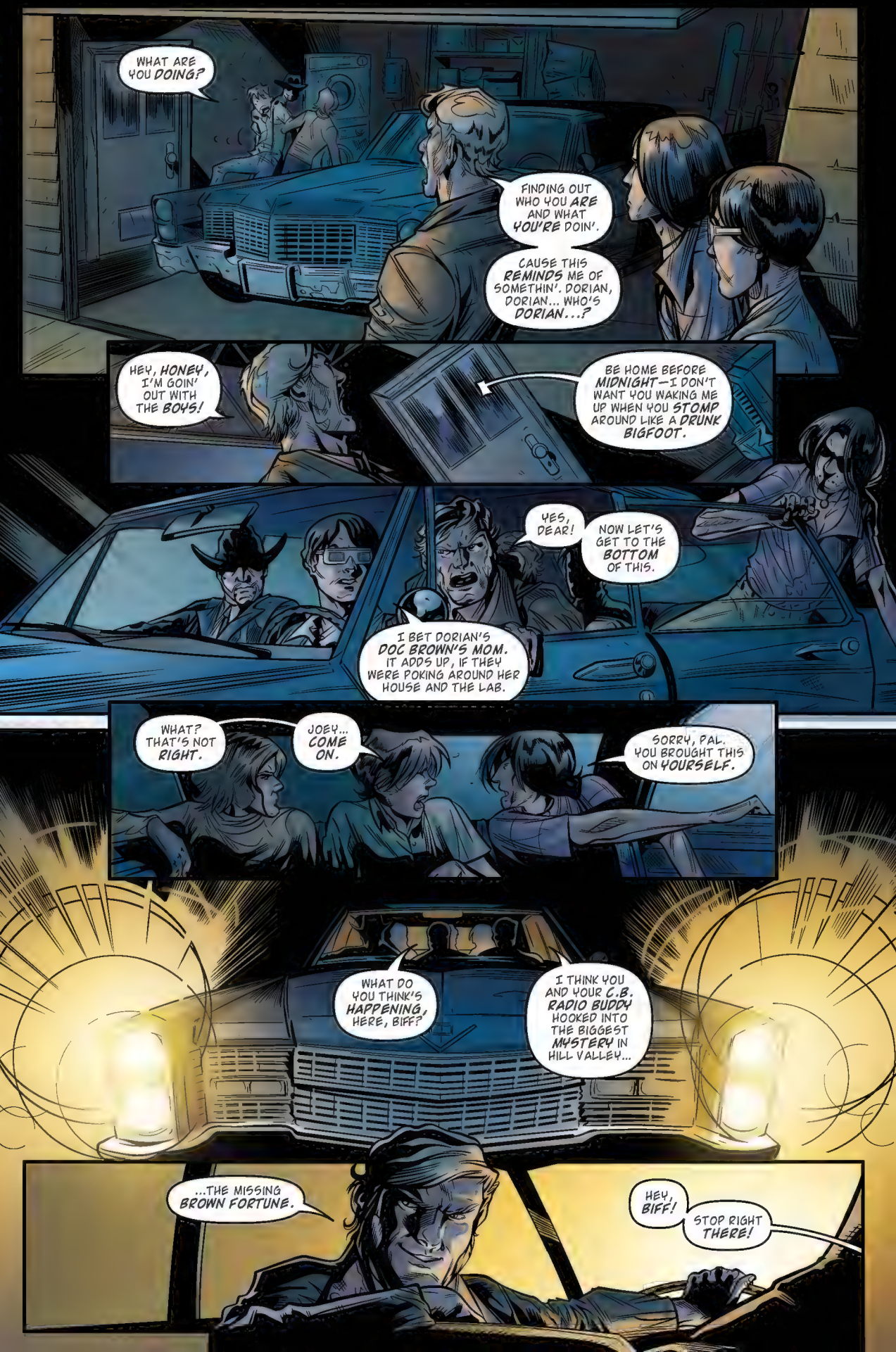
COME ON, KID. I KNOW I KNOW YOU FROM SOMEWHERE.
SO SPIT IT OUT—WHERE?!
WHAT'S YOUR NAME?!
I THINK YOU HAVE ME CONFUSED WITH...
...UH, ANYBODY ELSE.
AND I GOTTA GO—I WANTED TO CHECK IN ON JOEY HERE, BUT I'M REALLY AFTER A CAR.
HE CLAIMS HE'S FRIENDS WITH GEORGE MCFLY, BUT I AIN'T SO SURE.
GEORGE DROVE BY AND THIS GUY RAN FOR IT.
MCFLY...?
THAT'S IT!
I KNOW WHERE I SAW YOU!
BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE...!

THERE WAS A KID THAT LOOKED JUST LIKE YOU BACK IN HIGH SCHOOL.
WELL, YOU'RE RIGHT, BIFF—
—THAT IS IMPOSSIBLE.
YOU'VE GOTTA BE AT LEAST 40 YEARS OLD.
I'M 35—AND A YOUTHFUL 35.
BUT YOU—YOU'RE A SCRAWNY TEENAGER.
WHAT WAS THAT KID'S NAME...?
OH, YEAH—THE SAILOR KID, WITH THE LIFE PRESERVER!
I DON'T KNOW... I DON'T SEE THE RESEMBLANCE.
MAYBE YOU NEED A NEW PAIR OF GLASSES.
IT WAS A WEIRD NAME, COLIN OR...
CALVIN!
CALVIN KLEIN! AND THAT GUY REALLY GOT UNDER MY SKIN.
AND AFTER GEORGE PUNCHED M—
I MEAN, AFTER THE BIG DANCE, NOBODY SAW THAT KLEIN KID AGAIN.
THERE'S A COMPLETELY REASONABLE EXPLANATION, BIFF...
...JUST GIVE ME A MINUTE...

...YEAH, SEE, CALVIN'S MY DAD.
AND—AND I'M WHY HE LEFT HILL VALLEY.
I PROBABLY SHOULDN'T BE SAYING THIS, BUT MY MOM GOT PREGNANT AND IT WAS A BIG SCANDAL. THEY HAD TO GET OUT OF TOWN.
IT WAS 1955, NOT THE EI—UH, SEVENTIES.
DAD'S DOING GREAT NOW, THOUGH. SO'S MOM. HAPPILY MARRIED.
SOOO... I GOTTA GET GOING.
DAD'LL REALLY GET A KICK OUT OF THIS STORY...
YOUR DAD SCREWED UP MY LIFE.
HE DUMPED MANURE ON ME AND MADE THE WOMAN I LOVE RUN OFF WITH A NERD.
OOF!
WELL, GOOD THING I'M—
COME IN! DO YOU READ ME?!
HAVE YOU LOCATED THE DELOREAN?!
ER, THAT'S JUST—THAT MUST BE MY DAD NOW—HE'S REALLY OVER-PROTECTIVE.

GIMME THAT.
WAIT, BIFF—YOU'RE MAKING A BIG MISTAKE.
HEY.
HOW'S IT GOING? OVER.
...
...THESE COMMUNICATION DEVICES PRODUCE AN ODD DISTORTION.
YOU SOUND... DIFFERENT.
YEAH, I CAUGHT A COLD. SNIFF SNIFF.
BUT NO LUCK FINDING—UH—
I THINK HE SAID DORIAN.
NO LUCK FINDING DORIAN. HOW ABOUT YOU?
I WAS NEARLY RUN OVER AFTER I ARRANGED A HASTY EGRESS FROM DOCTOR BROWN'S LABORATORY.
I BELIEVED FOR A MOMENT THAT DOCTOR BROWN HAD UNCOVERED WHO I WAS AND WHENCE WE ARE DISPLACED FROM—
—BUT IN REALITY, DOCTOR BROWN HAD I HAD CORRECTLY POSTULATED WHAT THE 1972 VERSION OF ME WAS DOING. TO WHIT, ATTEMPTING TO UNRAVEL THE—
LOVE NOT WAR
PEACE
STOP WAR
YEAH, YEAH. DOC BROWN, HUH?
INDEED. I NEARLY PREFERRED HIS MOTHER'S HOUSE TO THAT EXPERIENCE.
SO WHERE ARE YOU NOW?
THE TOWN SQUARE, WHICH IS MUCH MORE CROWDED THAN I REMEMBER IT.
SURE, WHATEVER. JUST SIT TIGHT.
WE HAVEN'T TIME TO WAIT— I WANT THIS DONE AND OVER WITH TONIGHT.
ROGER. I'LL COME GET YOU. OVER AND OUT.

MARTIN IS ACTING UNUSUAL. AND HE APPEARS NO CLOSER TO COMPLETING HIS ASSIGNMENT TO LOCATE THE MISSING AUTOMOBILE.
WHICH MEANS, I SHALL HAVE TO ACCOMPLISH THE TASK.
HEYYY, IF YOU NEED A RIDE, I CAN GIVE ONE IN MY BUS, MAN.
IT'S REAL ROOMY.
I AM AFRAID IT IS A PARTICULAR VEHICLE I SEEK. ONE WHICH HAS VANISHED.
THAT HAPPENED TO ME ONCE. I PARKED MY BUS OUTSIDE OF LOU'S, AND WHEN I FINISHED MY BREAKFAST, IT WAS GONE!
THE BUS, I MEAN, NOT THE BREAKFAST. WELL, THE BREAKFAST, TOO—YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE HOW HUNGRY—
YES, YES. AND? WHAT DID YOU DO TO RECOVER YOUR CONTRAPTION?
HUH?
OH, MAN... I JUST HAD TO BUM RIDES FOR LIKE A MONTH.
AND ONE DAY I WENT BACK TO MY MOM'S HOUSE, AND THERE IT WAS!
TURNS OUT I JUST WALKED TO THE DINER. YOU KNOW HOW IT GOES.
NO, I REALLY DO NOT.
BUT YOU KNOW WHERE YOUR CAR MIGHT BE? MAYBE SOMEBODY TOWED IT.
THERE'S A JAIL FOR CARS A FEW BLOCKS AWAY. I CAN SHOW YOU.
WHY—WHY THANK YOU!
YOURS IS THE FIRST HOSPITALITY I HAVE ENCOUNTERED IN THIS ERA.
THAT IS A SPLENDID IDEA! PERHAPS THE CARPORT WAS CLOSED WHEN WE PARKED THERE, AND THE OWNERS CALLED A REMOVAL SERVICE.
FAR OUT, MAN.
HEY... WHO WANTS TO GO ON A ROAD TRIP?
FAR OUT!
GROOVY!
RIGHT ON!
A... WHAT?


WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
FINDING OUT WHO YOU ARE AND WHAT YOU'RE DOIN'.
CAUSE THIS REMINDS ME OF SOMETHIN'. DORIAN, DORIAN... WHO'S DORIAN...?
HEY, HONEY, I'M GOIN' OUT WITH THE BOYS!
BE HOME BEFORE MIDNIGHT—I DON'T WANT YOU WAKING ME UP WHEN YOU STOMP AROUND LIKE A DRUNK BIGFOOT.
YES, DEAR!
NOW LET'S GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS.
I BET DORIAN'S DOC BROWN'S MOM. IT ADDS UP, IF THEY WERE POKING AROUND HER HOUSE AND THE LAB.
WHAT? THAT'S NOT RIGHT.
JOEY... COME ON.
SORRY, PAL. YOU BROUGHT THIS ON YOURSELF.
WHAT DO YOU THINK'S HAPPENING, HERE, BIFF?
I THINK YOU AND YOUR C.B. RADIO BUDDY HOOKED INTO THE BIGGEST MYSTERY IN HILL VALLEY...
...THE MISSING BROWN FORTUNE.
HEY, BIFF!
STOP RIGHT THERE!

WAIT A DARN MINUTE, BIFF—
—I NEED TO ASK YOU A QUESTION!
FIRE AWAY, HOSS.
LORRAINE'S LITTLE BROTHER RAN OFF—AND I HAVE A FEELING YOU'RE MIXED UP IN ALL THIS.
AW, YOU GOT ME ALL WRONG, MR. MCFLY—NO OFFENSE! I HAVEN'T SEEN YOUNG JOSEPH IN WEEKS. HE'S A TEENAGER, ISN'T HE?
YOU REMEMBER THE TROUBLE WE USED TO GET UP TO AT THAT AGE.
OH, I REMEMBER, BIFF.
DO YOU REMEMBER HOW THAT TROUBLE ENDED?
HEY, HEY, NO PROBLEM. IF THE KID TURNS UP, I'LL TAKE HIM HOME MYSELF.
OKAY, BIFF. YOU DO THAT.
AND I'LL SEE YOU ON MONDAY. THE RAIN GUTTERS NEED CLEANING.

WELL, AT LEAST YOU STILL GOT A JOB.
WHEN YOUR CAR DETAILING BUSINESS GETS GOING YOU WON'T NEED TO DO WORK FOR MCFLY.
I THOUGHT YOU DIDN'T NEED ANYBODY ALREADY.
LISTEN TO YOU. ALL OF THE SUDDEN, YOU THINK YOU'RE STEVE MCQUEEN?
AFTER TAKING THAT TALK FROM GEORGE MCFLY, YOU SOUND LIKE MINNIE MOUSE.
WOAH THERE, KIDDO.
YOU THINK I WANT GEORGE MCFLY THINKING WE WERE UP TO SOMETHING?
WE'RE NOT UP TO ANYTHING, BIFF.
WE'LL JUST SEE ABOUT THAT.

NOW I SEE I MADE THE RIGHT CHOICE STAYING INDOORS FOR THE 1970S...
KUMBAYA MY LORD, KUMBAYA KUMBAYA MY LORD, KUMBAYA OH LORD, KUMBAYA
GERMS... GERMS EVERYWHERE... I'LL UNDOUBTEDLY COME DOWN WITH CHOLERA OR TYPHOID FEVER...
HEY GUYS, SHOW SOME HOSPITALITY, MAN.
RIGHT ON, MAN.
HAVE A BROWNIE, MAN.
I TOLD YOU, I MAY BE FAMISHED BUT I'M NOT ABOUT TO EAT SOMETHING COVERED IN WHO KNOWS WHAT AND, I MUST ASSUME, CONTAINING MUCH WORSE.
RIGHT ON.
WE'VE BEEN CIRCLING THIS BLOCK FOR TWENTY MINUTES.
OH, YEAH— WE'RE THERE.
I JUST WANTED TO SHOW YOU THE SCENIC ROUTE.
YOU REALLY BELIEVE MY MISSING VEHICLE MIGHT BE HERE?
SURE, WHY NOT? TAKE A LOOK. IT'S A EASY CLIMB.
OH, MY.
WRONG PLACE, WRONG TIME AGAIN.

FRZATT
HM. PERHAPS A BIT LESS WATTAGE ON THE AUXILIARY LEYDEN OSCILLATOR.
Woof
WELL, HOW WOULD YOU KNOW HOW MUCH THE DEVICE CAN TAKE?
hrm.
-SIGH- YOU ARE CORRECT, GALILEO. AS ALWAYS.
IT'S NOT THE OSCILLATOR THAT'S BOTHERING ME.
SOMETHING ABOUT THAT PROFESSOR MARTIN APPEARING AT MOTHER'S HOUSE, THEN HERE...

"...SOMETHING SIMPLY DOES NOT ADD UP."
NO, MOTHER, HE IS STILL NOT ONE OF MY WEIRDO FRIENDS...
...BUT I'M CONCERNED HE MIGHT BE FRIENDS WITH THOSE WEIRDOS.
OF COURSE HE WOULD BE, EMMETT.
I WARNED YOU, NO GOOD COMES FROM KEEPING YOUR NOSE BURIED IN A TRANSISTOR.
AND I KEEP TELLING YOU, MOTHER—THE FUTURE IS INTEGRATED CIRCUITS.
BUT THAT'S NOT IMPORTANT RIGHT NOW—YOU HAVEN'T SEEN ANYTHING UNUSUAL SINCE I DISEMBARKED, HAVE YOU?
NOTHING ASIDE FROM OUR MAD ENCYCLOPEDIA SALESMAN.
WELL... LOCK THE DOOR, MOTHER...
...IT'S TIME I TOOK MATTERS INTO MY OWN MANUAL APPENDAGES.

YOU GONNA LET ME GO OR WHAT?
IT'S NOT LIKE YOU'RE A PRISONER, YOU'RE JUST GONNA SHOW US WHAT YOU'RE HERE FOR.
SOUNDS LIKE BIFF HAS IT ALL FIGURED OUT. WHAT "BROWN FORTUNE?"
WHERE YOU FROM, KID? EVERYBODY'S HEARD THIS STORY.
THE WIDOW BROWN WANTS TO GET REMARRIED, BUT HER SON, DOC, IS SUSPICIOUS OF HER SUITOR. SO HE HIDES A BIG WAD OF HER MONEY.
THING IS, MA BROWN WINDS UP MARRYING SOMEBODY EVEN RICHER AND FORGETS ABOUT THE CASH.
MY COUSIN KNEW A GUY WHOSE BROTHER WORKED AT THE BANK AND HE SAID THE MONEY NEVER WENT BACK INTO HER ACCOUNT.
SO YOU'D THINK DOC BROWN WOULD HAVE IT, RIGHT? BUT DOC BURNS DOWN HIS OWN HOUSE FOR INSURANCE MONEY—WE ALL KNOW THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED.*
IF HE'S SO SHORT ON CASH, WHERE IS THE MONEY?
* SEE BTTF, VOL. 1: UNTOLD TALES AND ALTERNATE TIMELINES.
I'LL TELL YOU WHERE. IN DOC'S MOM'S STUFF. A.K.A. DORIAN BROWN'S STUFF, A.K.A.K. DORIAN ELLSWORTH'S STUFF.
I HEAR IT WAS IN A CIGAR BOX.
AND NOW THE WIDOW BROWN AND ALL HER BOXES, CIGAR AND OTHERWISE, ARE BACK IN HILL VALLEY.
BIFF—THAT'S CRAZY.
I DON'T EVEN THINK THAT'S HER NAME!

THEN WHY'D YOUR PARTNER CALL HER DORIAN?
HE WAS—IT WAS—HE WAS LOOKING FOR A CAR.
ANYWAY, WHAT DOES ANY OF THIS MATTER?
BECAUSE THAT CIGAR BOX HAS 85,000 BIG ONES IN IT.
FIVE WAYS, THAT'S 12 GRAND APIECE.
UH... I'M NOT SURE THAT MATH'S RIGHT, BIFF.
HOW'D YOU GET MIXED UP WITH THESE GUYS, JOEY?
SHUT UP, KID.
WE'RE HERE. WHERE'S YOUR PAL?
I DON'T SEE HIM.
THAT CAN'T BE A GOOD THING.

WHY!
I DO BELIEVE I HAVE LOCATED THE DELOREAN!
I'D RECOGNIZE THE VEHICLE'S HINDQUARTERS ANYWHERE...
...I THINK.
WILD, MAN...
...YOU KNOW HOW TO HOT WIRE A CAR?
MY COUSIN KNOWS HOW. MAYBE HE CAN HELP.
BUT HE MOVED TO ALASKA LAST YEAR.
PLEASE! BACK AWAY!
I DON'T WANT TO SQUISH YOU IF I FALL.
I WAS NOT BUILT FOR THESE MISADVENTURES...
...JUST GET TO THE VEHICLE, MARCUS.
YOU CAN RELAX IN YOUR BED AND WATCH NOVA UNTIL YOU FALL—
—ASLEEP.
HEY! YOU THERE!
HILL VALLEY P.D!
GET DOWN RIGHT NOW!

WAAAH!
OUTTA MY WAY, YOU DIRTY HIPPIES.
HEY, MAN. UNCOOL!
BE CAREFUL!
OOF!
WHOOMP
FREEZE, SUCKER!
RUN FOR IT! STICK IT TO THE MAN!
TRY TO TAKE HIM ALIVE!
SO CLOSE...
...WE ARE NEARLY, AS THEY SAY, HOME FREE.
OH, NO. I BELIEVE I AM IN SERIOUS TROUBLE.
I SAID, FREEZE, CHUBBY BOY!

WE HAVE TO FIND HIM, BIFF.
FORGET IT. YOUR BUDDY'S WASTING HIS TIME LOOKING FOR A GETAWAY CAR WHEN WE ALREADY GOT ONE.
THIS JUST MEANS LESS WAYS WE HAVE TO SPLIT THE LOOT.
HE SAID YOU WERE GONNA WRAP THIS UP TONIGHT...
...SO I FIGURE YOU GOT A PLAN.
YOU TWO GET IN THERE AND FIND THAT CIGAR BOX.
NO WAY, BIFF.
ME? HOW'D I GET ELECTED?
YOU WANT TO BE PART OF THE GANG, RIGHT?
YOU CAN DO THIS, JOEY...

"...IT'S NOT LIKE SOME OLD WOMAN IS GONNA STOP A COUPLE OF YOUNG HOTSHOTS LIKE YOU."
GRRRRRRR...

TIME SERVED: PART 2

COVER ART BY **MARCELO FERREIRA,** COLORS BY **JOSE LUIS RIO**

HANDS UP, BIG GUY!
I ASSURE YOU, THEY CAN ATTAIN NO GREATER HEIGHT.
YOU THINK YOU CAN WALTZ IN HERE AND STEAL A CAR?
NOT EXACTLY, SIR, NOR AM I EVEN CAPABLE OF DANCING IN THREE-QUARTER TIME.
HOWEVER, MY AMBITION WAS NOT TO APPROPRIATE THIS PARTICULAR AUTOMOBILE. YOU SEE, THERE HAS BEEN A—
WELL, NOT IN MY TOWN!
FASCIST PIGS!
SLOW DOWN, EVERYBODY.
WE'RE JUST TRYING TO STOP A ROBBERY HERE...
...DON'T MAKE ME RUN ALL OF YOU IN, TOO.
THE MAN'S TRYING TO TELL US WHAT TO DO!
YOU GOT THE RIGHT TO REMAIN SILENT.
OW— OW— OW!
OFFICER— THIS IS A TERRIBLE MISUNDERSTANDING. I WAS LOOKING FOR MY CAR!
WELL, NOT MY CAR PER SE... AND I SUPPOSE I DID ABSCOND WITH IT IN THE FIRST PLACE, YET...
FREAK POWER!
HEY— EASY NOW... BACK OFF!
DON'T LET THE FUZZ PUSH US AROUND!

DOWN WITH THE MAN!
AAAHH!
AWRIGHT, Y'DIRTY HIPPIES! NONE OF YOU MOVE!
REESE— BEHIND YOU!
WHAT—
—AW, MAN.

HOW ABOUT WE JUST MAKE A RUN FOR IT?
BIFF'S AROUND THE CORNER, BUT HE WON'T SEE IF WE GO THE OTHER WAY.
YOU DON'T WANT TO DO THIS ANY MORE THAN I DO, JOEY.
BREAKING INTO THIS HOUSE IS MY CHANCE TO GET IN GOOD WITH BIFF.
WHY WOULD ANYBODY WANT THAT?!
I'LL JIMMY THE LOCK.
I'M SERIOUS—WHY DO YOU WANT TO IMPRESS BIFF, OF ALL PEOPLE?
BECAUSE I DON'T BELONG IN THIS SAFE 1970s SUBURBAN WORLD.
YOU EVER FEEL LIKE YOU WERE LIVING IN THE WRONG TIME?
YEAH, ALMOST ALWAYS.
WHEN I WAS A KID, I WANTED TO BE A CHICAGO GANGSTER OR A COWBOY OR A PIRATE.
I HAD FIVE BROTHERS AND SISTERS. I WANTED SOME SPACE OF MY OWN.
"WHEN I MET BIFF AND THE GANG, THEY KNEW WHO I WAS BECAUSE THEY WERE FRIENDS WITH MY BIG SISTER IN HIGH SCHOOL.
"BIFF SAID I REMINDED HIM OF THE GOOD OLD DAYS.
BURGER
"FOR ME, IT WAS LIKE I WAS IN THOSE DAYS, HANGING OUT WITH GUYS FROM ANOTHER DECADE."

"THIS ONE TIME, BIFF NEEDED AN ENGINE MOUNT FOR HIS DEVILLE. I KNEW I COULD GRAB ONE FROM WESTERN AUTO WITHOUT GETTIN' CAUGHT.
"BIFF WAS IMPRESSED. BY SOMETHING I DID, Y'KNOW?
"HE TOLD ME TO GO SHOPLIFT SOME MORE CAR PARTS.
"I GOT THROWN IN JUVIE FOR A COUPLE WEEKS AS AN EXAMPLE FOR THE OTHER KIDS.
"NEVER RETURN TO THE SCENE OF THE CRIME. THAT'S MY ADVICE.
"BIFF ASKED WHY I DIDN'T SAY HE PUT ME UP TO IT. HE'D'VE GOTTEN IN BIG TROUBLE, AN' THEY'D PROBABLY HAVE LET ME GO.
"BUT I WASN'T ABOUT TO START RATTING ANYBODY OUT. THAT'S NOT HOW GANGSTERS OR COWBOYS OR PIRATES PLAY IT."
ANYWAY, I MAKE MY OWN CHOICES.
THAT'S MY DEAL. NOW HOW ABOUT YOU? I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT TO CALL YOU.
UH, KEVIN.
THEN COME ON, KEVIN KLEIN.
LET'S GET THIS OVER WITH.

COME ON.
THAT THIEF IS TOO FAT TO HAVE GOTTEN VERY FAR.
WHAT ABOUT THE HIPPIES?
I DON'T CARE ABOUT THE HIPPIES! DO THEY LOOK LIKE THEY'RE GOIN' ANYWHERE?
THEY'RE PROBABLY TOO WHACKED OUT AND HOPPED UP TO KNOW WHERE THEY ARE.
THEY THINK THEY'RE IN WONDERLAND.
GUESS THAT MAKES YOU THE WHITE RABBIT, MAN.
AHH!
SHHHH!
COOL IT, MAN!
YOU! THANK GOODNESS.
THE CONSTABULARY IS, AS YOU MIGHT PUT IT, "ON MY CASE."
FOLLOW ME, MAN. I DON'T KNOW WHO CONSTABLE TERRY IS...

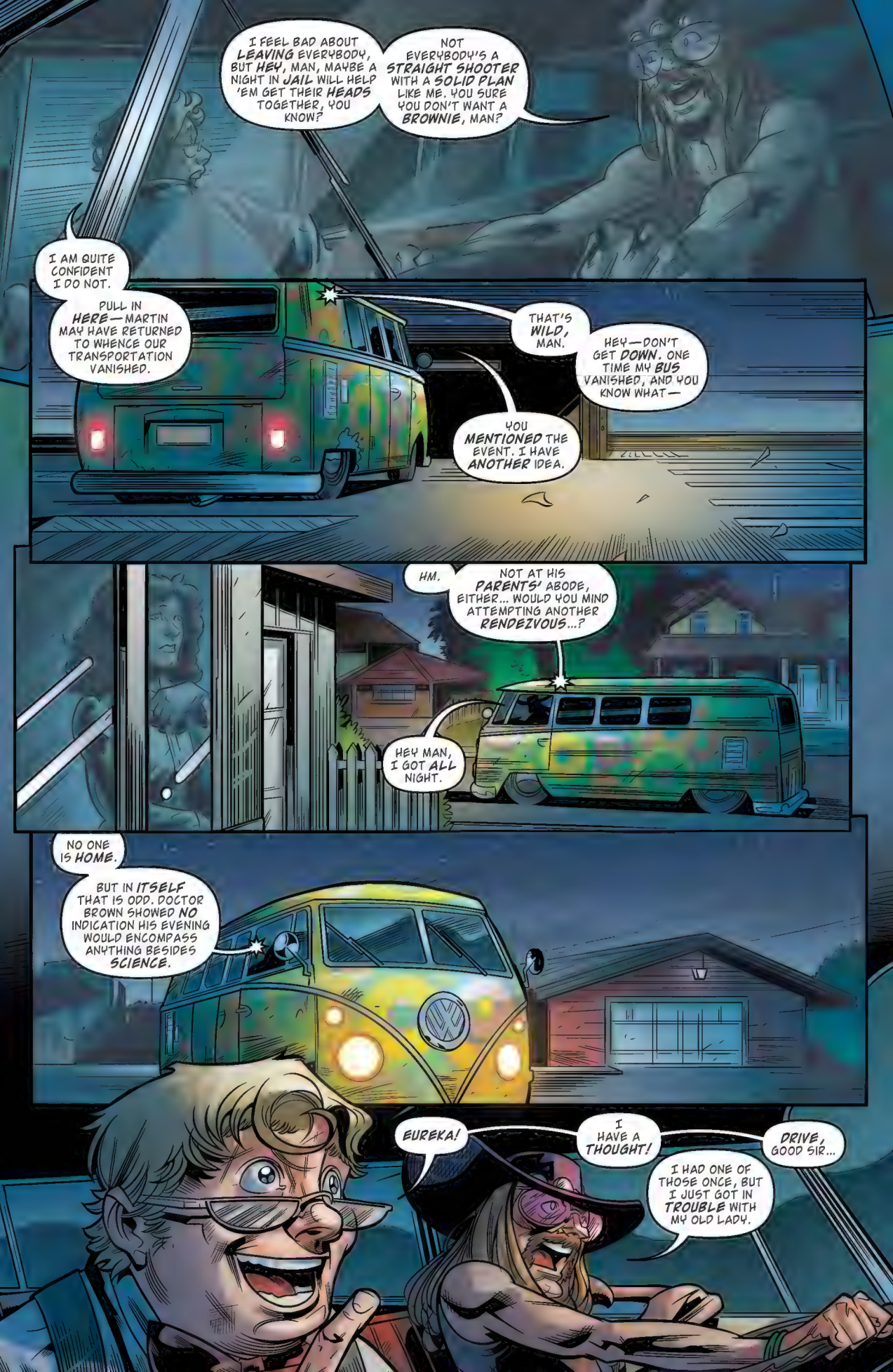
...BUT I DO KNOW ANOTHER WAY OUTTA HERE.
WHERE TO, MAN?
THAT IS AN EXCELLENT INQUIRY. PERHAPS I SHOULD CONFER WITH MY COMPATRIOT.
MARTIN? DO YOU READ ME?
I WAS WRONG, MARTIN. I BELIEVED I HAD LOCATED THE DELOREAN, BUT IT WAS A MERE IMPOSTER.
WHERE ARE YOU? I WILL ENDEAVOR TO JOIN YOU.
MARTIN, HUH?
ARE YOU THERE, MARTIN?
OKAY, KID.
YOU'RE UP TO SOMETHING.
COME IN, MARTIN— OVER.
WHO'S DORIAN, AND WHY'S IT SO IMPORTANT TO FIND HIM? OR HER?
YOU GOT TO PRESS THE BUTTON IF YOU WANT TO TALK, BIFF.
SHUT UP, 3-D.
SOMETHING MESSED UP IS GOIN' ON HERE.

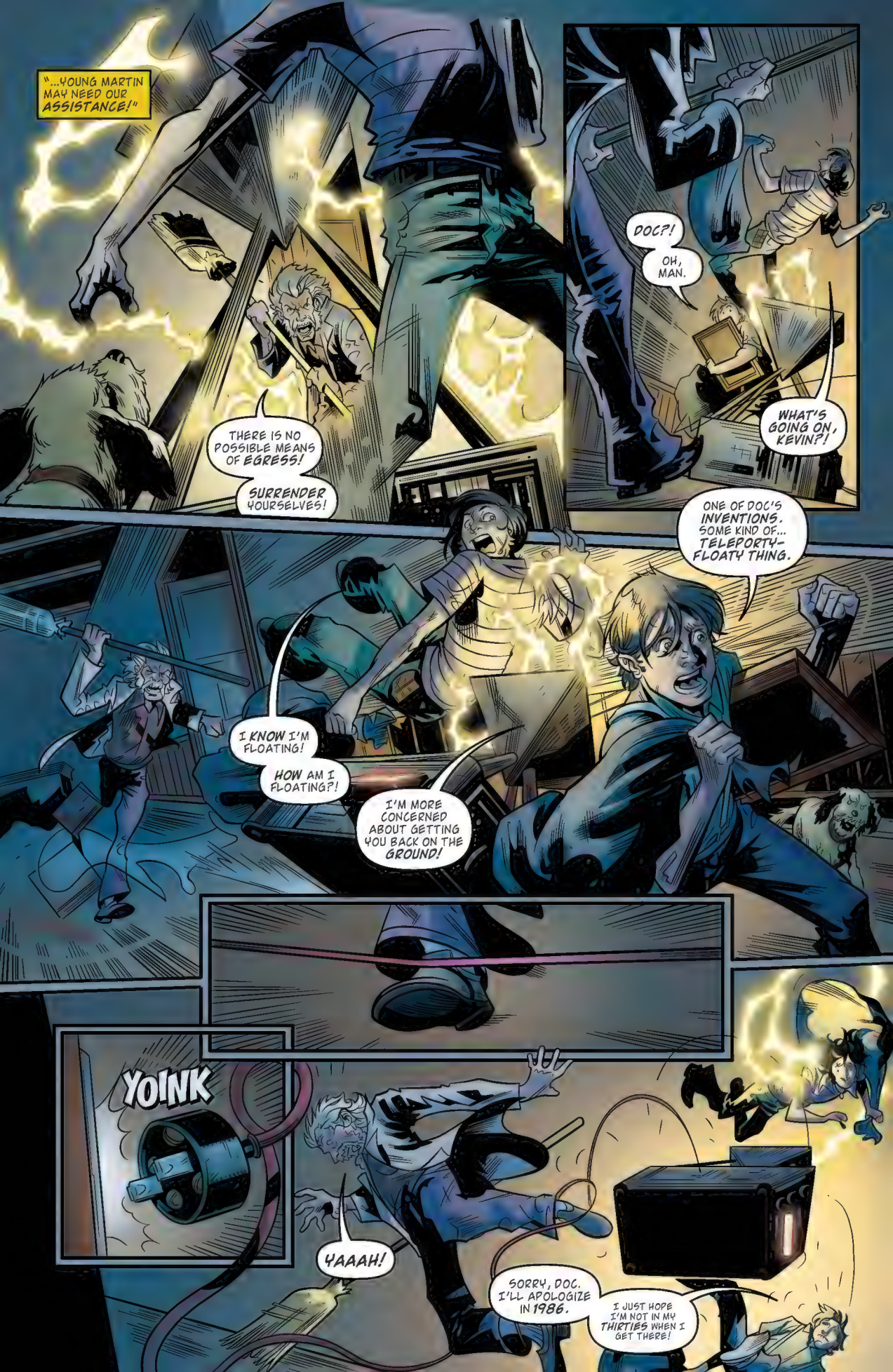
WOOF
WOOF
BARK
WOOF
QUIET! SHHHHH!!!
SETTLE DOWN, DOGGIE! IT'S OKAY.
WE'RE... FRIENDS.
YOU GOT A WAY WITH DOGS. YOU GOT ONE AT HOME, KEV?
UH, NO, BUT A FRIEND OF MINE ALWAYS DOES.
SLURP
LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON, I GUESS.
NOTHING. COME ON...
WHAT?
...LET'S HOPE THIS IS A HOUSE OF HEAVY SLEEPERS.
QUIET...
...BE QUIET, GALILEO...
"...YOU'LL WAKE MOTHER."
THAT FLEA-BITTEN MUTT.
WHY MUST EMMETT INFEST MY HOME WITH THOSE CREATURES?

3-D SAID THE 85 GRAND WAS SUPPOSED TO BE IN A CIGAR BOX.
BUT WHILE YOU'RE LOOKING, GRAB SOME OTHER STUFF AND MAKE IT LOOK LIKE A ROBBERY.
JOEY— IT IS A ROBBERY.
YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN. MAKE IT LOOK LIKE WE DIDN'T PLAN WHAT WE WERE TAKING.
YEAH.
YOU CAN'T GO THROUGH WITH THIS, MARTY! YOU GOTTA STOP JOEY FROM WRECKIN' HIS LIFE!
MARTIN—YOU HAVE NO CHOICE IN THE MATTER! WHAT IS DONE IS DONE! THE PAST IS INVIOLATE.
YEAH, RIGHT. LIKE MARTY'S NEVER CHANGED HISTORY BEFORE.
NEVER HAS HE ALTERED THE TIMELINE ON PURPOSE! AND NOW IS NOT THE TIME TO COMMENCE!
LOOK AT POOR JOEY! HE'S JUST A KID, AND BIFF'S PULLIN' HIM INTO A LIFE OF CRIME!
HE'S NOT DOING ANYTHING YOU'RE NOT, MARTY!
YOU SET OUT ON THIS EXCURSION TO UNCOVER THE TRUTH—NOT ALTER IT! THINK!
IF YOU PREVENT JOEY FROM GOING TO PRISON NOW, THERE WILL BE NO NEED TO EVER MAKE THIS TRIP THROUGH TIME IN THE FUTURE!
BUT IF I DON'T TRAVEL BACK HERE, WHO'LL STOP JOEY FROM COMMITTING THE ROBBERY?
EXACTLY! IT'S A PARADOX, WHICH WOULD CONCEIVABLY PUT THE ENTIRE SPACE-TIME CONTINUUM AT RISK!
BUT YOU ALWAYS HAVE TO HELP SOMEONE WHO'S IN TROUBLE!
NOW I'M MORE CONFUSED THAN EVER.

WELL, I KNOW THIS WINDS UP GETTING STOLEN.
WE CAN SORT OUT EVERYTHING ELSE WHEN WE'RE DONE.
I'LL FIGURE OUT A WAY, JOEY.
YOU TALKIN' TO ME, KEV?
'CAUSE I THINK I JUST FOUND WHAT WE'RE AFTER.
THE STUFF DREAMS ARE MADE OF.
JOEY... JUST... ARE YOU SURE WE SHOULD DO THIS?
WHY WOULDN'T I BE?
HERE. I'LL GET ANOTHER BOX.
GOOD MAN, KEV!
NOW GRAB SOME STUFF AND LET'S MOVE IT.
THAT POOCH PROBABLY WOKE THE WHOLE NEIGHBORHOOD.
LIKE BIFF ALWAYS SAYS, WE CAN MAKE LIKE A TREE—

-AND WAAAH!
FRZZAT
WOOF WOOF WOOF WOOF WOOF
GREAT SCOTT!
I KNEW IT WAS GOING TOO WELL.


I FEEL BAD ABOUT LEAVING EVERYBODY, BUT HEY, MAN, MAYBE A NIGHT IN JAIL WILL HELP 'EM GET THEIR HEADS TOGETHER, YOU KNOW?
NOT EVERYBODY'S A STRAIGHT SHOOTER WITH A SOLID PLAN LIKE ME. YOU SURE YOU DON'T WANT A BROWNIE, MAN?
I AM QUITE CONFIDENT I DO NOT.
PULL IN HERE—MARTIN MAY HAVE RETURNED TO WHENCE OUR TRANSPORTATION VANISHED.
THAT'S WILD, MAN.
HEY—DON'T GET DOWN. ONE TIME MY BUS VANISHED, AND YOU KNOW WHAT—
YOU MENTIONED THE EVENT. I HAVE ANOTHER IDEA.
HM.
NOT AT HIS PARENTS' ABODE, EITHER... WOULD YOU MIND ATTEMPTING ANOTHER RENDEZVOUS...?
HEY MAN, I GOT ALL NIGHT.
NO ONE IS HOME.
BUT IN ITSELF THAT IS ODD. DOCTOR BROWN SHOWED NO INDICATION HIS EVENING WOULD ENCOMPASS ANYTHING BESIDES SCIENCE.
EUREKA!
I HAVE A THOUGHT!
DRIVE, GOOD SIR...
I HAD ONE OF THOSE ONCE, BUT I JUST GOT IN TROUBLE WITH MY OLD LADY.


"...YOUNG MARTIN MAY NEED OUR ASSISTANCE!"
THERE IS NO POSSIBLE MEANS OF EGRESS!
SURRENDER YOURSELVES!
DOC?!
OH, MAN.
WHAT'S GOING ON, KEVIN?!
ONE OF DOC'S INVENTIONS. SOME KIND OF... TELEPORTY-FLOATY THING.
I KNOW I'M FLOATING!
HOW AM I FLOATING?!
I'M MORE CONCERNED ABOUT GETTING YOU BACK ON THE GROUND!
YOINK
YAAAH!
SORRY, DOC. I'LL APOLOGIZE IN 1986.
I JUST HOPE I'M NOT IN MY THIRTIES WHEN I GET THERE!

KEVIN!
POWER
AHHH!
...
AHH?
I'M NOT SQUISHED?
POWER
UNHAND MY DEVICE!
WAAAHH!
UH. I JUST NEED TO BORROW IT FOR A MINUTE, DOC!
YOU'RE LIGHTER THAN YOU LOOK, JOEY.
POWER
HANG ON TIGHT, JOEY!
HALT!

bonk
bonk
bonk
OW!
SORRY!
OW!
SORRY!
OW!
SORRY!
POWER
HALT IMMEDIATELY, OR I'LL CALL THE POLICE!
DON'T WORRY, WE'LL BE GONE BEFORE THEY CAN GET HERE!
OOPS! SORRY, MA'AM!
AHHH!
POWER
UH... KEV...

YAAAAHH!
GET OFF OF MY BED!
PARDON ME, LADY.
CRASH
MOTHER!
EMMETT—LOOK!
RUFFIANS!
CATCH!
MY INERTIAL BUOYANCY DISPLACEMENT CONVECTOR!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!
I DON'T WANT HIM TO SEE ME!
FINE— JUST GET READY TO JUMP.
JUST LIKE WHEN I WAS A KID AND YOU CONVINCED ME TO—
—ER, I MEAN, MY UNCLE...
SHUT UP AND JUMP, KEV!
CALL THE POLICE, MOTHER! THEY'VE ABSCONDED WITH SOME OF YOUR THINGS.
WHAT DO YOU TAKE ME FOR, EMMETT?
I CALLED THE POLICE THE INSTANT THAT FLEABAG OF YOURS STARTED BARKING.
THIS WAY!
THEN THEY WON'T GET FAR.

BIFF!
WELL, WELL, WELL. TOOK YOU LONG ENOUGH.
SOUNDS LIKE EVERYTHING WENT JUST PEACHY.
KEVIN AND I GOT SEEN! THE COPS ARE PROBABLY COMING.
KEVIN? NOT MARTIN?
SOMETHING'S FISHY HERE, KID.
I'M KEEPING THIS, BIFF.
HAVE IT. I DON'T CARE ABOUT A DUMB PAINTING.
I WANNA KNOW, WHO'S GOT THE CIGAR BOX WITH THE MONEY?
I WANT TO KNOW IF YOU GOT THE GETAWAY CAR.
SURE—BUT ALL OF A SUDDEN THERE'S ONLY ROOM FOR ONE EXTRA PASSENGER.
WE DON'T NEED THE NEW GUY. YOU AND ME, JOEY, WE'LL BE EACH OTHER'S ALIBIS.
BUT—BIFF... KEVIN SAVED ME. HE COULDA RUN, BUT HE STUCK WITH ME.
YOU SAID WE'D ALL BE PART OF THE GANG.
HE'S A LIAR, JOEY—LYING'S WHAT THEY DO.

NO WAY, BIFF.
KEVIN'S WITH US.
RRRRRRRR
GUYS, I THINK I HEAR SIRENS...
FINALLY!
WHA—?
I FINALLY FOUND YOU!
ALWAYS THE ANTIPODAL LOCATION YOU CANVASS.
MARTIN, GET IN! THE GENDARMES APPROACH!
JOEY— WE CAN GET AWAY!
BIFF, IT'S THE COPS! LET'S GET OUTTA HERE!
WHAT HAS OCCURRED WHILST I WAS AWAY?!
YOU UNDERSTAND IT IS BEYOND OUR PURVIEW TO ALTER HISTORY!
BIFF, QUIT YAPPIN' AND START DRIVIN'!
I'M OUTTA HERE.
YOU BUTTHEADS ARE ON YOUR OWN.

WEEEOOO
WEEEOOO
COME ON!
BUT REMEMBER, THAT MONEY'S MINE.
THEY'D FOLLOW US.
GO. I'LL TAKE THE RAP. THIS IS MY FAULT. I GOT YOU INTO THIS, KEVIN.
NO!
JOEY, THEY'LL THROW THE BOOK AT YOU!
DRIVE!
SURE, MAN. WHERE TO?
ANYWHERE!
FAR OUT. I KNOW HOW TO GET THERE.
FREEZE, KID!
I ALWAYS WANTED TO BE A CHICAGO GANGSTER...
REACH FOR THE SKY!

YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR BREAKING AND ENTERING AND ROBBERY AND PROBABLY POSSESSION.
SEARCH 'IM, BOYS!
UNF!
HERE WE ARE!
OPEN IT UP!
AW. NOTHIN'!
HA! YOU'RE GOIN' TO JAIL FOR AN EMPTY CIGAR BOX AND A BUNCH OF JUNK?
OFFICERS, HE HAD AN ACCOMPLICE!
HE WASN'T ALONE!
GUESS MY DREAM'S COMIN' TRUE.
AL CAPONE WENT TO PRISON FOR TAX EVASION...
...AND I'M GOING DOWN FOR AN EMPTY FRIGGING CIGAR BOX.

TIME SERVED: PART 3

COVER ART BY **MARCELO FERREIRA,** COLORS BY **JOSE LUIS RIO**

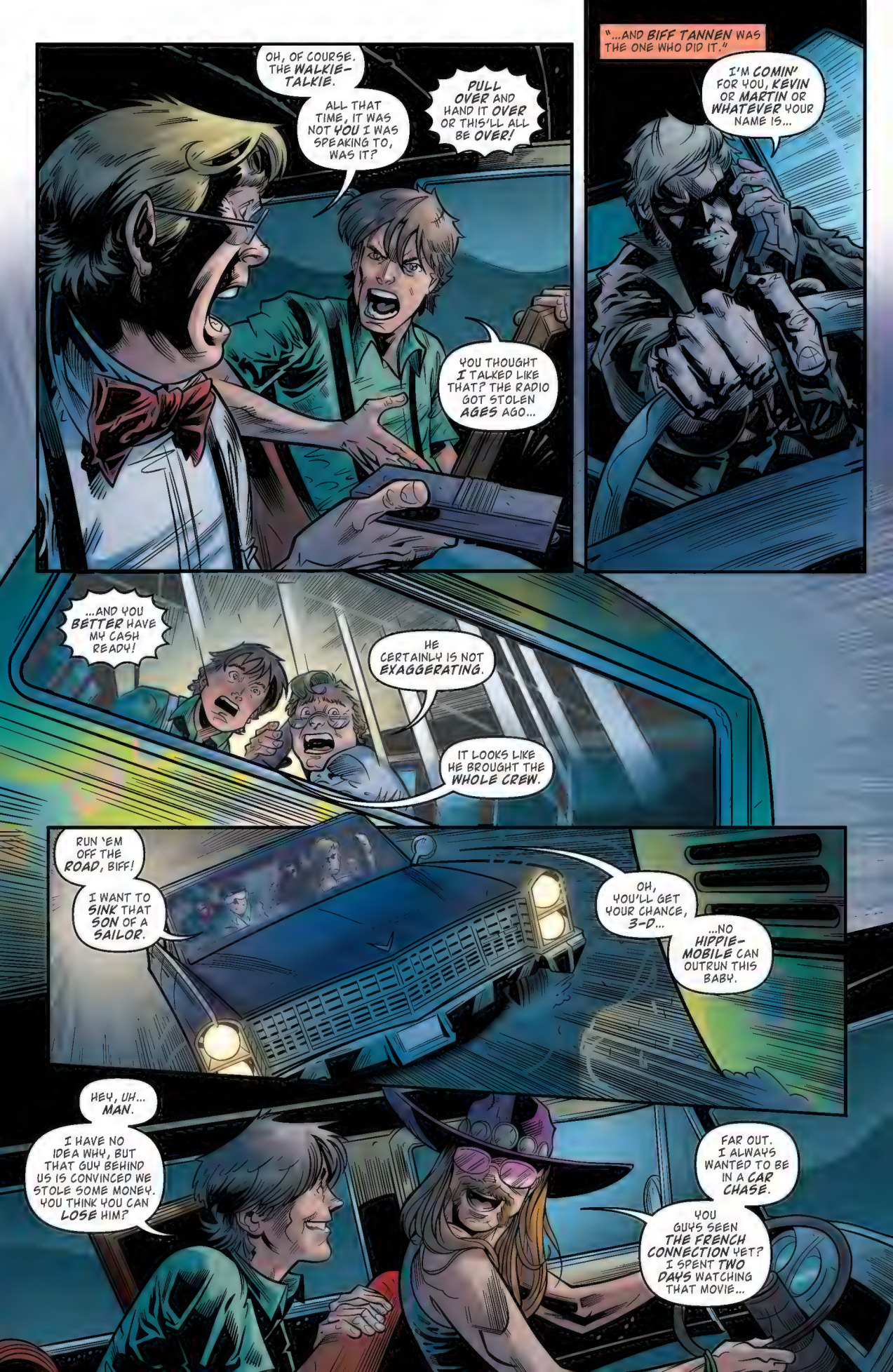
JUN 24, 1972
WHAT THE HECK?
PARDON ME— 'SCUSE ME—I NEED TO GET UP THERE!
NO, YOU DON'T. THIS IS A CRIME SCENE. WE GOT A DANGEROUS BURGLAR IN CUSTODY.
THAT'S NO BURGLAR—
—THAT'S MY BROTHER-IN-LAW!
GET IN, SON.
JOEY! JOEY—WHAT HAPPENED?!
POLICE LINE DO NOT CROSS
HEY, GEORGE!
TELL LORRAINE I'M SORRY!

OH, JOEY, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE...
GEORGE MCFLY?
WHY— IT IS YOU.
WOOF
SHUSH, GALILEO. HE'S AN OLD FRIEND.
DOC BROWN?! WHY ARE YOU HERE?
WOOF WOOF
MY INTENTION WAS TO ASK THE IDENTICAL QUESTION OF YOU.
WHAT IN THE TERRESTRIAL SPHERE ARE YOU DOING ON MY MOTHER'S LAWN, TONIGHT OF ALL NIGHTS?
THAT RUFFIAN IS YOUR WIFE'S BROTHER?! HE TRIED TO ROB MOTHER!
IF NOT FOR MY INERTIAL BUOYANCY DISPLACEMENT CONVECTOR, HE MIGHT HAVE GOTTEN AWAY WITH IT, TOO.
OH, JOEY...
WOOF WOOF
YOUR MOTHER'S...?
WHAT'S GOING ON? WHY IS LORRAINE'S BROTHER IN HANDCUFFS?

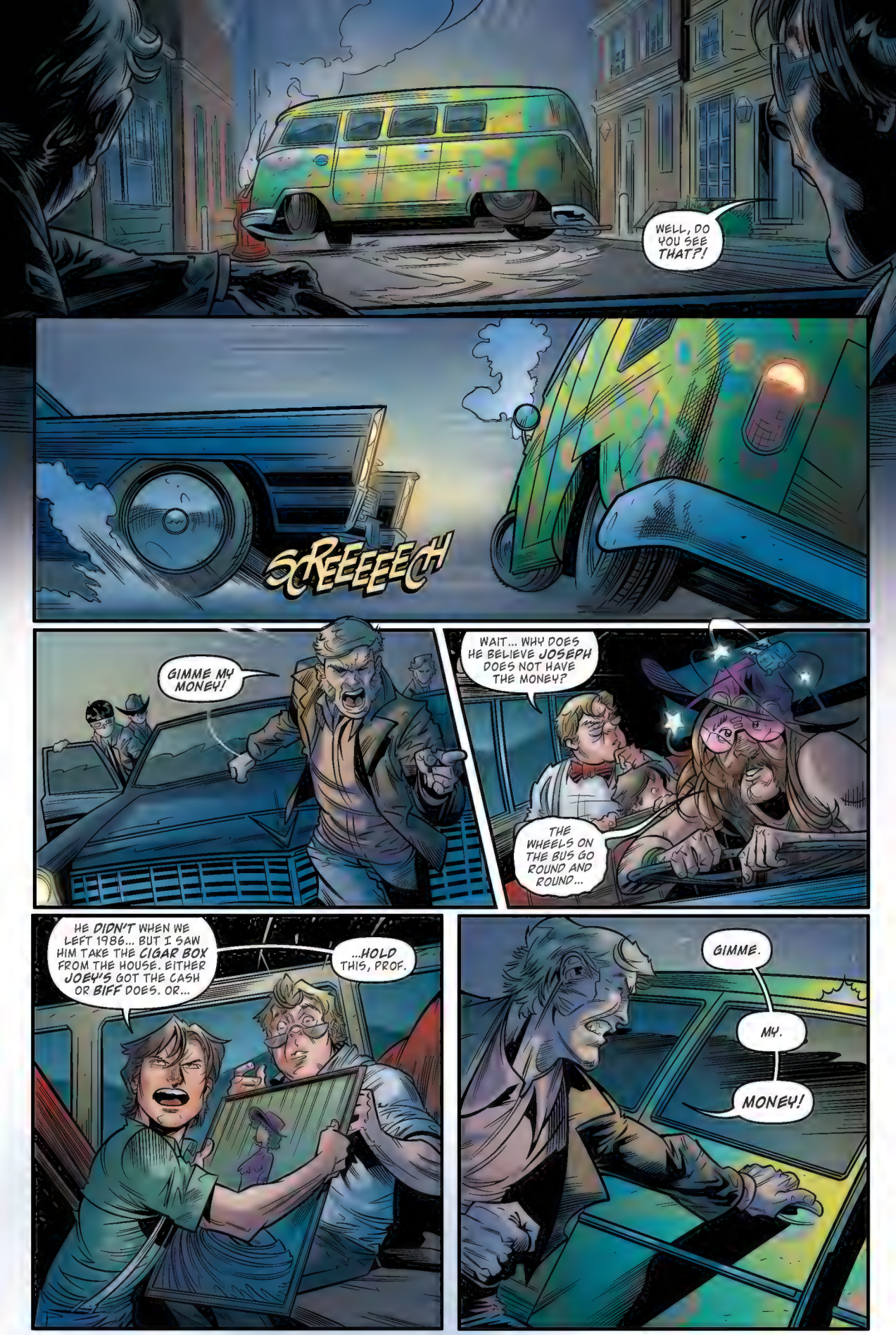
HE DIDN'T TRY TO ROB ME, EMMETT— HE DID ROB ME!
HE STOLE MY MONEY!
THE KID DOESN'T HAVE ANYTHING, LADY.
WE SEARCHED HIM. THERE WAS JUST AN EMPTY CIGAR BOX.
LOOK, DOC, IF HE DIDN'T GET AWAY WITH ANYTHING, DO YOU THINK WE CAN FORGET ABOUT THIS WHOLE THING?
HE'S JUST A KID.
YOU WERE PROBABLY A KID ONCE.
THAT YOUNG FELON MAY NOT HAVE MY MONEY—
—AND I SAY MAY—
—BUT THAT'S ONLY BECAUSE HE HANDED IT OFF TO HIS CONFEDERATE.
HE HAD AN ACCOMPLICE, GEORGE... AND THEY COULD HAVE HURT MOTHER.
COULD HAVE?! THEY DROPPED YOUR CONTRAPTION ON ME!
DOC, FOR OLD TIME'S SAKE, YOU'VE GOT TO HELP.
THIS WILL BREAK LORRAINE'S HEART.

GEORGE— THE MATTER IS OUT OF MY APPENDAGES.
EVEN IF I WANTED TO OFFER ASSISTANCE, THERE'S NO WAY I COULD—THEY CAUGHT HIM ON MOTHER'S LAWN WITH A BAG OF HER BELONGINGS.
YOU SAID YOU TRAPPED HIM WITH YOUR— YOUR GIZMO!
HE BROKE INTO MOTHER'S HOME!
WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE ME DO?!
THIS IS WHAT CODDLING CHILDREN DOES.
YOU'LL NEVER SEE MY EMMETT COMMITTING CRIMES.
MOTHER...
DON'T "MOTHER" ME. SOME TIME IN THE BIG HOUSE MIGHT STRAIGHTEN OUT THAT RAT!
NOW, HOW DO I TELL LORRAINE...
...HER LITTLE BROTHER LET HER DOWN AGAIN.

MILES AWAY.
WHOA.
YOU REALLY GET INTO SOME WILD ADVENTURES, MAN.
ER. THANK YOU?
PROFESSOR— WE GOTTA GO BACK! JOEY'S TAKING THE FALL FOR ME!
HE'S "TAKING THE FALL" BECAUSE HE BURGLED A HOUSE! YOU WERE JUST ALONG FOR THE RIDE, MARTIN.
IT'S NOT THAT SIMPLE!
I SPENT FOURTEEN YEARS BLAMING HIM FOR LETTING DOWN MOM, BUT NOW HE'S GOING TO PRISON BECAUSE HE DIDN'T TURN ME IN!
I WAS HIS ACCOMPLICE!
WE HAVE A SIGNIFICANTLY MORE PRESSING CONCERN. EITHER THE DELOREAN WAS ABSCONDED WITH—
PROF, WE WENT DOWN THAT ROAD ALREADY. WE HAVE TO THINK ABOUT JOEY!
NO, MARTIN—I BEGAN INVESTIGATING THE POSSIBILITY OF THEFT, BUT ONE CANNOT DISPROVE A HYPOTHESIS WITH MERELY A PRELIMINARY EXPERIMENT.
PERHAPS SOMEONE ELSE TOOK IT... OR MORE WORRYINGLY, MARTIN...
...COULD YOUR INVOLVEMENT IN THE ROBBERY HAVE HAD THE EFFECT OF DISSUADING DOCTOR BROWN FROM BUILDING HIS TIME DEVICE?
THAT'S NOT HOW IT WORKS. WE LOST THE CAR BEFORE WE STOLE THE MONEY.
YOU KNOW THAT AND I KNOW THAT, BUT CAN WE BE ENTIRELY SURE THE SPACE-TIME CONTINUUM KNOWS THAT?!
I KNOW YOU GOT THE LOOT!
AHHH!


OH, OF COURSE. THE WALKIE-TALKIE.
ALL THAT TIME, IT WAS NOT YOU I WAS SPEAKING TO, WAS IT?
PULL OVER AND HAND IT OVER OR THIS'LL ALL BE OVER!
YOU THOUGHT I TALKED LIKE THAT? THE RADIO GOT STOLEN AGES AGO...
"...AND BIFF TANNEN WAS THE ONE WHO DID IT."
I'M COMIN' FOR YOU, KEVIN OR MARTIN OR WHATEVER YOUR NAME IS...
...AND YOU BETTER HAVE MY CASH READY!
HE CERTAINLY IS NOT EXAGGERATING.
IT LOOKS LIKE HE BROUGHT THE WHOLE CREW.
RUN 'EM OFF THE ROAD, BIFF!
I WANT TO SINK THAT SON OF A SAILOR.
OH, YOU'LL GET YOUR CHANCE, 3-D...
...NO HIPPIE-MOBILE CAN OUTRUN THIS BABY.
HEY, UH... MAN.
I HAVE NO IDEA WHY, BUT THAT GUY BEHIND US IS CONVINCED WE STOLE SOME MONEY. YOU THINK YOU CAN LOSE HIM?
FAR OUT. I ALWAYS WANTED TO BE IN A CAR CHASE.
YOU GUYS SEEN THE FRENCH CONNECTION YET? I SPENT TWO DAYS WATCHING THAT MOVIE...

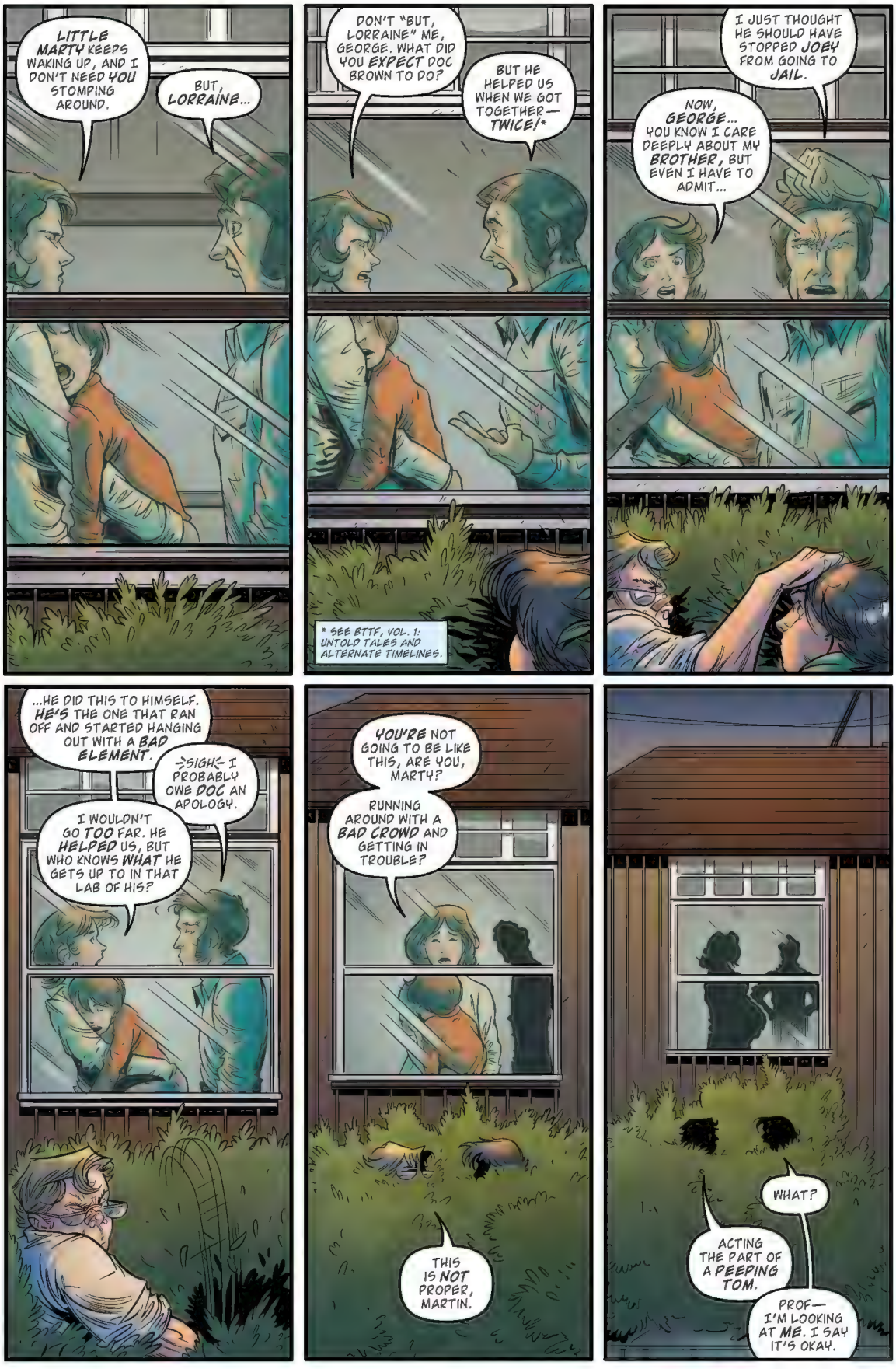
...WELL, I FELL ASLEEP DURING THE LATE SHOW AND THEY ACCIDENTALLY LOCKED ME IN THE MOVIE THEATER...
...BUT OSMOSIS, MAN! THAT THEATER ABSORBED THE ESSENCE AND PASSED IT ON TO ME!
HE WENT THAT WAY, BIFF!
I CAN SEE WHERE HE WENT!
ALL OF THE SUDDEN, EVERYBODY IN THIS TOWN THINKS THEY'RE STEVE MCQUEEN.
SHUT IT, 3-D. I AIN'T IN THE MOOD.
ACTUALLY, BIFF, HE MIGHT THINK HE'S GENE HACKM—
ANYHOO, EVER SINCE THEN, I CAN, LIKE, FEEL MY CAR, YOU KNOW?
LIKE, I DON'T KNOW WHERE SHE ENDS AND I START.
THAT EVER HAPPEN TO YOU?
I SAW HIM TURN DOWN THE ALLEY!
I TOLD YOU, I'M NOT BLIND!

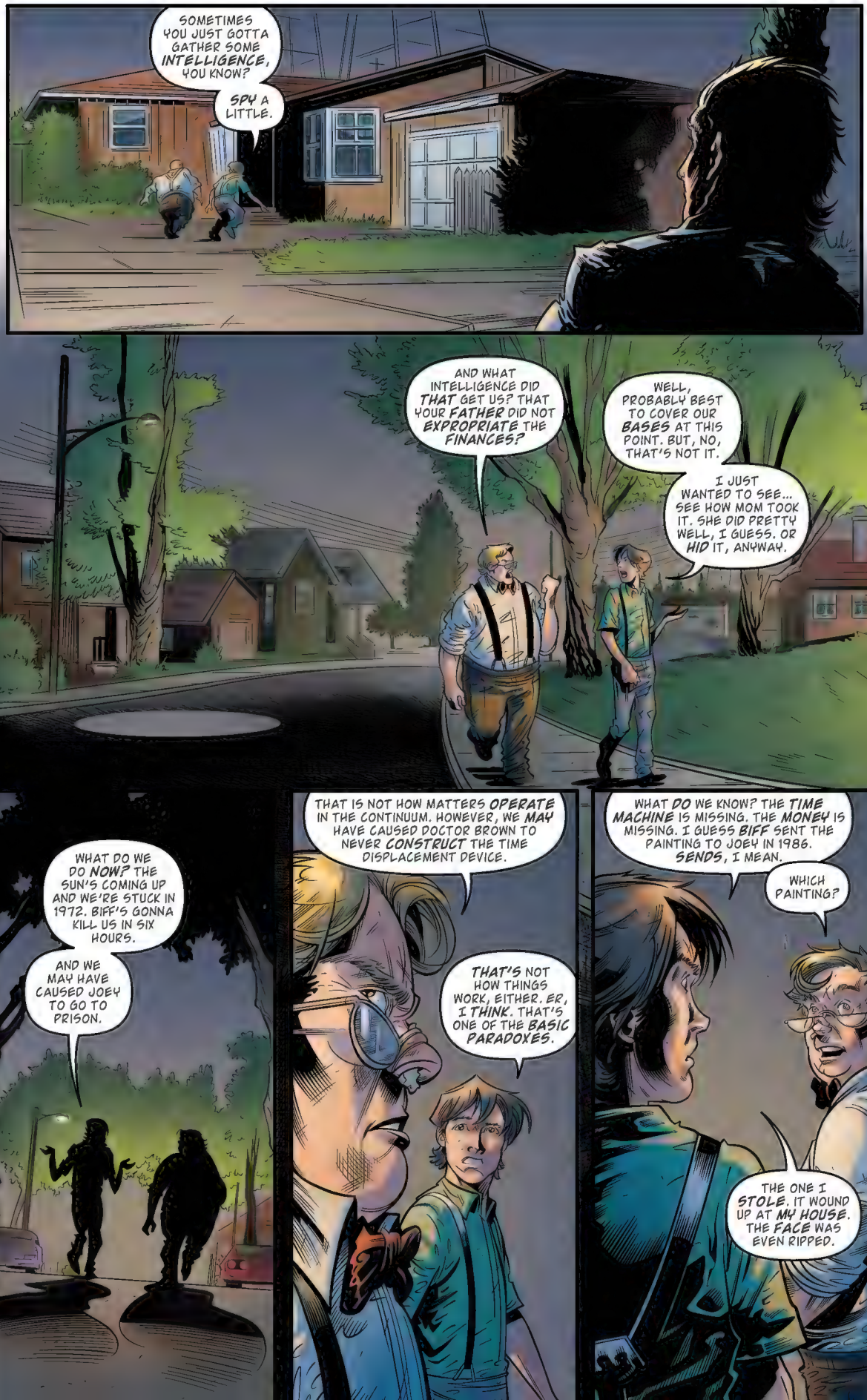

WELL, DO YOU SEE THAT?!
SCREEEEEECH
GIMME MY MONEY!
WAIT... WHY DOES HE BELIEVE JOSEPH DOES NOT HAVE THE MONEY?
THE WHEELS ON THE BUS GO ROUND AND ROUND...
HE DIDN'T WHEN WE LEFT 1986... BUT I SAW HIM TAKE THE CIGAR BOX FROM THE HOUSE. EITHER JOEY'S GOT THE CASH OR BIFF DOES. OR...
...HOLD THIS, PROF.
GIMME.
MY.
MONEY!

MARTIN—GET BACK HERE!
IT'S OKAY, I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING!
OR SO I KEEP TELLING MYSELF.
WHAT DO YOU WANT, BIFF?!
OOF!
I SORTA THOUGHT THEY'D TAKE LONGER TO GET OUT OF THE CAR.
CAN'T YOU HEAR ME? IT AIN'T ALGEBRA!
MOVE IT, PROF!
BUT, MARTIN—WHERE ARE WE GOING?
THAT'S YOUR LAST MISTAKE, KID!

POW
BIFF, WAIT, DON'T—
OW!
SORRY, PROFESSOR.
WE DON'D HAB ID, AH... BIFF.
DIS CADVAS ID DA SUM DODAL OF ALL WE ABSCAHDED WID.
I DON'T CARE ABOUT A STUPID PAINTING.
RRRIIIPPP
WHOA, GUYS. WE CAN ALL BE FRIENDS.
THERE'S NO NEED TO BE HOSTI— HEY!
WATCH IT, HIPPIE.
WHY DO YOU THINK JOEY DOESN'T HAVE THE MONEY?
3-D STAKED THE OLD HOUSE OUT, BEFORE WE PICKED HIM UP. HE SAW THE POLICE TELL DORIAN ELLSWORTH THE CIGAR BOX WAS EMPTY!
HER NAME'S NOT DORIAN!

NOTHIN' IN THE BUS, BIFF.
THEN LOOK AT THE PUNK AND THE OLD MAN!
I THEEG HE BROGE BY DOSE. IDS GOIG TO GED INFECDID.
BIFF... YOU'RE... SURE YOU DON'T HAVE IT?
IF JOEY DOESN'T HAVE THE MONEY, WHERE ELSE COULD IT BE?
GREAT QUESTION, EISENSTEIN.
YOU GOT TILL NOON TO COME UP WITH THE LOOT, OR I COME LOOKING FOR YOU.
AND I AIN'T GONNA STOP TILL I FIND YOU.
YOU READ ME, BUTTHEAD?
MAN... THIS IS TURNIN' INTO A BAD TRIP.
CAN YOU GUYS GIVE ME A LITTLE PUSH? I THINK I'M STUCK.


LITTLE MARTY KEEPS WAKING UP, AND I DON'T NEED YOU STOMPING AROUND.
BUT, LORRAINE...
DON'T "BUT, LORRAINE" ME, GEORGE. WHAT DID YOU EXPECT DOC BROWN TO DO?
BUT HE HELPED US WHEN WE GOT TOGETHER— TWICE!*
* SEE BTTF, VOL. 1: UNTOLD TALES AND ALTERNATE TIMELINES.
I JUST THOUGHT HE SHOULD HAVE STOPPED JOEY FROM GOING TO JAIL.
NOW, GEORGE... YOU KNOW I CARE DEEPLY ABOUT MY BROTHER, BUT EVEN I HAVE TO ADMIT...
...HE DID THIS TO HIMSELF. HE'S THE ONE THAT RAN OFF AND STARTED HANGING OUT WITH A BAD ELEMENT.
-SIGH- I PROBABLY OWE DOC AN APOLOGY.
I WOULDN'T GO TOO FAR. HE HELPED US, BUT WHO KNOWS WHAT HE GETS UP TO IN THAT LAB OF HIS?
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BE LIKE THIS, ARE YOU, MARTY?
RUNNING AROUND WITH A BAD CROWD AND GETTING IN TROUBLE?
THIS IS NOT PROPER, MARTIN.
WHAT?
ACTING THE PART OF A PEEPING TOM.
PROF— I'M LOOKING AT ME. I SAY IT'S OKAY.

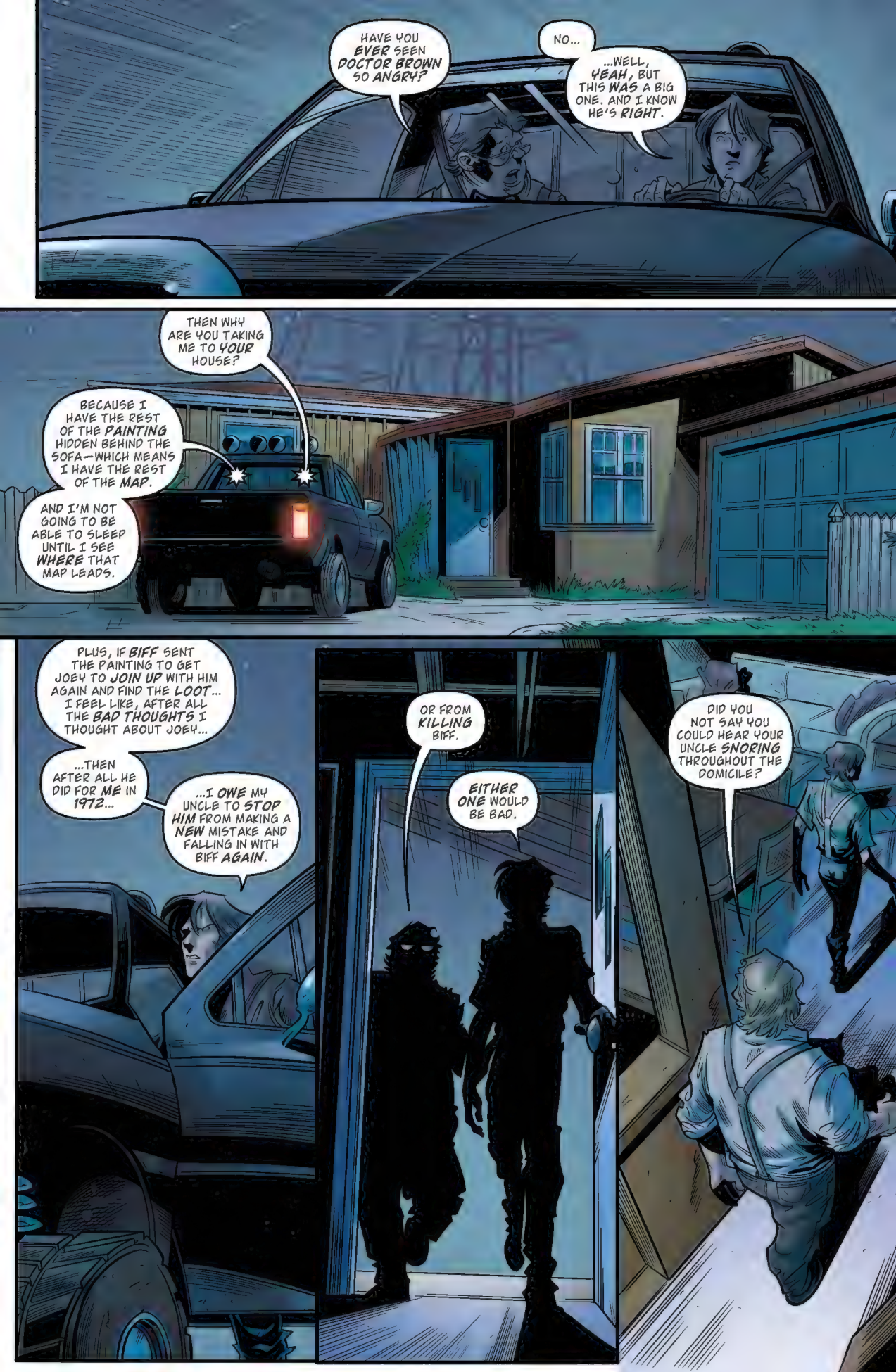

SOMETIMES YOU JUST GOTTA GATHER SOME INTELLIGENCE, YOU KNOW?
SPY A LITTLE.
AND WHAT INTELLIGENCE DID THAT GET US? THAT YOUR FATHER DID NOT EXPROPRIATE THE FINANCES?
WELL, PROBABLY BEST TO COVER OUR BASES AT THIS POINT. BUT, NO, THAT'S NOT IT.
I JUST WANTED TO SEE... SEE HOW MOM TOOK IT. SHE DID PRETTY WELL, I GUESS. OR HID IT, ANYWAY.
WHAT DO WE DO NOW? THE SUN'S COMING UP AND WE'RE STUCK IN 1972. BIFF'S GONNA KILL US IN SIX HOURS.
AND WE MAY HAVE CAUSED JOEY TO GO TO PRISON.
THAT IS NOT HOW MATTERS OPERATE IN THE CONTINUUM. HOWEVER, WE MAY HAVE CAUSED DOCTOR BROWN TO NEVER CONSTRUCT THE TIME DISPLACEMENT DEVICE.
THAT'S NOT HOW THINGS WORK, EITHER. ER, I THINK. THAT'S ONE OF THE BASIC PARADOXES.
WHAT DO WE KNOW? THE TIME MACHINE IS MISSING. THE MONEY IS MISSING. I GUESS BIFF SENT THE PAINTING TO JOEY IN 1986. SENDS, I MEAN.
WHICH PAINTING?
THE ONE I STOLE. IT WOUND UP AT MY HOUSE. THE FACE WAS EVEN RIPPED.

I STILL HAVE THAT FRAGMENT OF IT.
HUH... FUNNY. IF THE PAINTING ARRIVED MISSING THE FACE, THAT MEANS IT MUST HAVE BEEN RIPPED BEFORE WE WENT BACK, TOO.
MAYBE BIFF TRIED TO PULL IT AWAY FROM JOEY?
I WOULD MORE ACCURATELY SURMISE THAT BECAUSE THE PAINTING DID NOT JOIN US ON OUR JOURNEY, IN 1986 IT EXPERIENCED THE FUTURE AFTER OUR CHANGES...
...OUR CHANGES...
...MARTIN— LOOK.
A MAP.
DO YOU THINK IT LEADS TO THE MONEY?
WHY WOULD THERE BE A RANDOM, UNRELATED MAP ON THE BACK OF THE PAINTING OF DOC'S MOM?
WELL, WHY WOULD THERE BE A MAP THAT LEADS TO THE PURLOINED MONEY?
BECAUSE I PUT IT THERE AFTER I BURIED THE CASH.

DOC!
WHO DID YOU EXPECT? NIELS BOHR?
YOU SHAVED YOUR MUSTACHE!
NO, PROFESSOR, THAT'S OUR DOC—THE ONE FROM 1986.
BUT HOW DID—
COME ON.
WE CAN GO HOME! WE'RE NOT TRAPPED!
BUT WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU BURIED THE MONEY? AND HOW DID YOU GET HERE?
REMEMBER THIS, MARTY?
THE DEVICE THAT GUIDED THE TIME MACHINE TO OUR LOCATION IN FUTURE-MARCUS' CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS?*
* SEE BACK TO THE FUTURE VOL. 3: WHO IS MARTY MCFLY?

AFTER OUR ADVENTURE WITH THE EVIL FUTURE PROFESSOR IRVING, I MADE A FEW MODIFICATIONS—
—INCLUDING ENHANCING THE RECALL CAPABILITIES TO INCLUDE NONLINEAR CHRONOLOGY.
"OR, TO PUT IT IN LAYMAN'S TERMS, MY REMOTE CONTROL CAN BRING THE DELOREAN HOME FROM ANYWHERE IN TIME.
"AN ABILITY I PUT TO USE SOONER THAN EXPECTED WHEN I RETURNED TO MY LAB AND FOUND THE VEHICLE MISSING.
"MARCUS WAS GONE AS WELL, AND YOUR TRUCK WAS PARKED OUTSIDE, MARTY. I FEARED THE WORST, AS THAT'S WHAT USUALLY OCCURS.
"ALL I KNEW WAS THE TIME THE VEHICLE RETURNED FROM. EVEN THE LOCATION WAS UNKNOWN.
"BASED ON FUEL CONSUMPTION RATES, I DETERMINED TO START MY SEARCH IN HILL VALLEY, WIDENING MY PERIMETER AS NEEDED.
"BUT KNOWING THAT YOU HAD INQUIRED ABOUT JOEY BAINES...
"...I HAD REASON TO ASSUME YOUR WHEREABOUTS."
WHICH, UNFORTUNATELY, WERE PROVEN CORRECT.
I AM DISAPPOINTED IN YOU BOTH, GENTLEMEN.
IT WAS MY FAULT, DOCTOR. I GAVE MARTIN NO CHOICE—
I CAN'T LET ANOTHER GUY TAKE THE FALL FOR ME, PROF. I'M NOT INNOCENT, EITHER.
JUST GET IN THE CAR...

"...WE'RE GOING HOME."
FWASH
FWASH
MAY 10 1986
WASSGON' ON OUTSIDE...
...WASSAT NOISE...
WHOA, MAN...
...I DIDN'T THINK FLASHBACKS WERE FOR REAL!
I'M GOING TO SLEEP.
GO HOME, BOTH OF YOU.
BUT—
BUT JOEY'S IN—I MEAN, WE LEFT HIM TO GO TO PRISON!
AND THE MAP—YOU NEGLECTED TO INFORM OF ITS ORIGINS!
GO HOME!


HAVE YOU EVER SEEN DOCTOR BROWN SO ANGRY?
NO...
...WELL, YEAH, BUT THIS WAS A BIG ONE. AND I KNOW HE'S RIGHT.
THEN WHY ARE YOU TAKING ME TO YOUR HOUSE?
BECAUSE I HAVE THE REST OF THE PAINTING HIDDEN BEHIND THE SOFA—WHICH MEANS I HAVE THE REST OF THE MAP.
AND I'M NOT GOING TO BE ABLE TO SLEEP UNTIL I SEE WHERE THAT MAP LEADS.
PLUS, IF BIFF SENT THE PAINTING TO GET JOEY TO JOIN UP WITH HIM AGAIN AND FIND THE LOOT... I FEEL LIKE, AFTER ALL THE BAD THOUGHTS I THOUGHT ABOUT JOEY...
...THEN AFTER ALL HE DID FOR ME IN 1972...
...I OWE MY UNCLE TO STOP HIM FROM MAKING A NEW MISTAKE AND FALLING IN WITH BIFF AGAIN.
OR FROM KILLING BIFF.
EITHER ONE WOULD BE BAD.
DID YOU NOT SAY YOU COULD HEAR YOUR UNCLE SNORING THROUGHOUT THE DOMICILE?

WELL—AND I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS IS TRUE—THIS IS STILL THE SAME NIGHT AS THE FAMILY REUNION AT GRANDMA AND GRANDPA'S.
JOEY STORMED OFF. I HAVE NO IDEA IF HE EVEN CAME HOME.
I SEE.
YET I THOUGHT I HEARD SOMETHING... REGARDLESS, YOUR HOME LOOKS VERY... HOMEY.
HERE WE ARE. LET'S SEE THE BACK SIDE OF THIS PAINTING...
HILL VALLEY
...I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY DOC PUT THE MAP THERE, OR WHY IT WOULD LEAD TO THE MONEY...
...BUT X MARKS THE SPOT.
HILL VALLEY
I DON'T BELIEVE IT...

...AFTER FOURTEEN YEARS, THE MISSING CHUNK OF THE MAP TURNS OUT TO BE IN YOUR NEPHEW'S HANDS, JOEY?
WELL, BIFF... WHAT CAN I SAY?
GUESS CRIME RUNS IN THE FAMILY.

TIME SERVED: PART 4

COVER ART BY **MARCELO FERREIRA,** COLORS BY **JOSE LUIS RIO**

JUNE 24 1972
SO YOU'RE NOT GOING TO SAY A THING?
JOEY BAINES. EIGHTEEN YEARS OF AGE. THAT MAKES YOU AN ADULT, AT LEAST IN THE EYES OF THE LAW.
WE KNOW YOU WEREN'T ALONE. WE KNOW SOMEBODY GOT AWAY WITH THE MONEY.
GIVE US A NAME, AND WE CAN MAKE A DEAL.
I AIN'T A RAT.
THIS IS YOUR FUTURE, KID!
YOU'RE THROWING EVERYTHING AWAY FOR, WHAT—SOME JAMES CAGNEY PRINCIPLE?
INTERROGATION ROOM
WHAT A DAY.
SOUNDS LIKE YOU GOT A LIVE ONE.
JUST SOME SNOT-NOSED KID, THINKS HE'S IN A GANGSTER MOVIE.
HE'S IN FOR A RUDE AWAKENING...
"...'CAUSE HE'S GOT NO IDEA WHAT HE'S GETTING HIMSELF INTO."

MAY 10 1986
YESTERDAY, AFTER THE ILL-FATED HOMECOMING PARTY.
WHAT DID I GET MYSELF INTO? WHAT DID I EXPECT A "WELCOME HOME" PARTY WOULD BE LIKE?
STUPID, JOEY. YOU DID THIS TO YOURSELF.
YOU MADE YOUR CHOICE.
YOU LIVED WITH IT FOR A LONG TIME...
...NOT LIKE YOU GET TO STOP LIVING WITH IT JUST 'CAUSE YOU'RE OUT.
IT'S NOT LIKE ANY OF THEM COULD... EH?
THOUGHT I HEARD SOMETHING.
YOU'RE ABOUT TO, JOEY BAINES.

HUH? WHERE'D HE GO?
SAME PLACE I'LL ALWAYS BE, BIFF.
RIGHT WHERE YOU AIN'T LOOKING.
OW!
OW! OW! OW! OW! OW!
LEMME GO, JOEY! I JUST—OW!—WANNA TALK.
I'M DONE WITH YOU, BIFF. YOU LEFT ME TO ROT.
I THOUGHT THAT'S WHAT YOU WANTED! KEPT YOU OUT OF THE DRAFT, ANYWAY!
BUT I'M NOT HERE FOR ANCIENT HISTORY.
MAYBE I SHOULDA SAID "HI" WHEN I DROPPED OFF THE MAP, BUT I WANTED TO SHOW ALL MY CARDS BEFORE, YOU KNOW—
—SOMETHING LIKE THIS HAPPENED.
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, BIFF?
WHAT MAP?

MAY 11, 1986
NOW.
LYON ESTATES
HILL VALLEY
THIS MAP... IT'S BARELY ACCURATE.
MUST BE FROM THE FIFTIES, OR EARLIER. THE TREES HAVE CHANGED A WHOLE LOT, BUT THE BASIC LANDSCAPE...
...WELL, WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO PUT OUR HEADS TOGETHER AND FIGURE THIS OUT.
YEAH! AND FIND THE MONEY.
SURE WAS A LUCKY BREAK YOU JUST HAPPENED TO HAVE THE PIECE I'D BEEN MISSING FOR FOURTEEN YEARS, MCFLY.
C'MON, BIFF. EVEN YOU'RE SMART ENOUGH TO PUT THIS TOGETHER.
I'M FRIENDS WITH DOC BROWN.
WHEN I SAW THE PAINTING, I REMEMBERED DOC HAD PART OF AN OLD PAINTING IN THE STUFF HE GAVE ME FROM HIS LAB.*
*THIS IS A COMPLETE LIE—TALE-TELLIN' TOM!
THEN HOW'D DOC GET IT? I TOOK THE PAINTING FROM A KID IN 1972.
HIM AND HIS GETAWAY DRIVER, WITH THAT SOUPED-UP CAR.*
*IT WAS A VW BUS, AND BIFF'S CONFLATING TWO PEOPLE—TIME-TRACKIN' TOM!
YES, WELL, IT SOUNDS AS THOUGH THAT WAS A LONG TIME AGO.
I'M SURE ALL OF OUR—YOUR MEMORIES MUST BE QUESTIONABLE...

YEAH, WHATEVER—THAT KID WAS A PROFESSIONAL CRIMINAL. HE TOOK US ALL IN, THEN RAN AWAY—LEFT POOR JOEY HERE HOLDIN' THE GAG.
THAT KID—WHATEVER HIS NAME WAS, HE HAD ABOUT A DOZEN ALIASES—HE TOLD ME HE HAD THE MONEY AND HE'D TURN IT IN.
THEN HE SLIPPED INTO THE DARKNESS LIKE A NINJA.
LIKE A NINJA. YEAH, THAT SOUNDS RIGHT.
PULL OVER, MARTY. I THINK THIS IS IT.
UH, YOU SURE?
SO WHAT NOW? WE TOOK YOU HERE.
WHAT DO YOU PLAN TO DO WITH US?
RELAX, MARTY. WE'RE NOT GONNA DO NOTHIN' TO YOU...
...IT'S WHAT YOU'RE GONNA DO FOR US.
DIG.

ARE YOU GOING TO HELP, BIFF? OR ARE YOU AFRAID OF GETTING DIRT ON YOU?
I'M KEEPING WATCH. KEEP SHOVELIN', BUTTHEAD.
THIS IS RIDICULOUS. WHAT'S YOUR PLAN ONCE YOU FIND IT?
YOU THINK MY PARENTS WON'T LOOK FOR US?
WE'RE NOT GONNA HURT YOU, MARTY. BUT YOU'RE PART OF THIS.
AFTER ALL, YOU'RE THE ONE WHO STOLE THE PAINTING WITH THE MAP.
WHAT?
BIFF ADDRESSED IT TO ME. YOU TOOK IT AND HID IT.
OH, THAT. YEAH. GUILTY.
YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT'S BURIED AS MUCH AS I DO.
WELL, WE'RE NEVER GONNA FIND—
OVER HERE! I BELIEVE I HAVE DISCOVERED SOMETHING!
NOW, DID ANYONE BRING SOAP AND PAPER TOWELS?
WHO KNOWS WHAT GERMS I—UFF!
MOVE IT, POINDEXTER.

THIS IS MORE LIKE IT. AFTER ALL THAT TIME...
HOOF. HEAVY. NEVER EXPECTED 85,000 LARGE TO WEIGH THIS MUCH. MAYBE THERE'S SOMETHIN' ELSE IN HERE, TOO! LIKE JEWELRY OR SILVERWARE!
RAAAGH!
YEAH! I'M HAPPY, TOO. BUT QUIET DOWN, SOMEBODY MIGHT...
...UH OH.
WHAM
WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?!
WE WERE ON THE SAME SIDE!

THIS SEEMS PROBLEMATIC WITH REGARDS TO OUR BEST INTERESTS, MARTIN.
YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN.
RUN!
IT'S NOT THAT HEAVY.
WHICH WAY IS THE TRUCK?
JUST MOVE!
WE CAN CIRCLE BACK IF WE HAVE TO!
HEY—FORGET ABOUT ME FOR A MINUTE—
—THE SCRAWNY BRAT TOOK THE MONEY!
THAT "BRAT" IS MY NEPHEW, BIFF.
POW

NOW, THAT FELT GOOD!
SOMEBODY OUGHTA HAVE PUNCHED YOU A WHILE AGO, BIFF. MIGHTA KNOCKED SOME SENSE IN.
MARTY! COME BACK!
KEEP GOING.
YOU KNOW THE WAY?
OF COURSE I DO. I PRACTICALLY GREW UP IN THESE WOODS.
MARTY!
I THOUGHT YOU SPENT YOUR YOUTH ON YOUR SKATING BOARD AND YOUR ELECTRICAL GUITAR!
WELL, I CAME OUT HERE WITH MY DAD ONCE OR TWICE.
LET'S DOUBLE BACK BEFORE—
MARTY!
—BEFORE THAT HAPPENS.
WATCH WHERE YOU STEP!
DANGER
UNSTABLE CLIFF

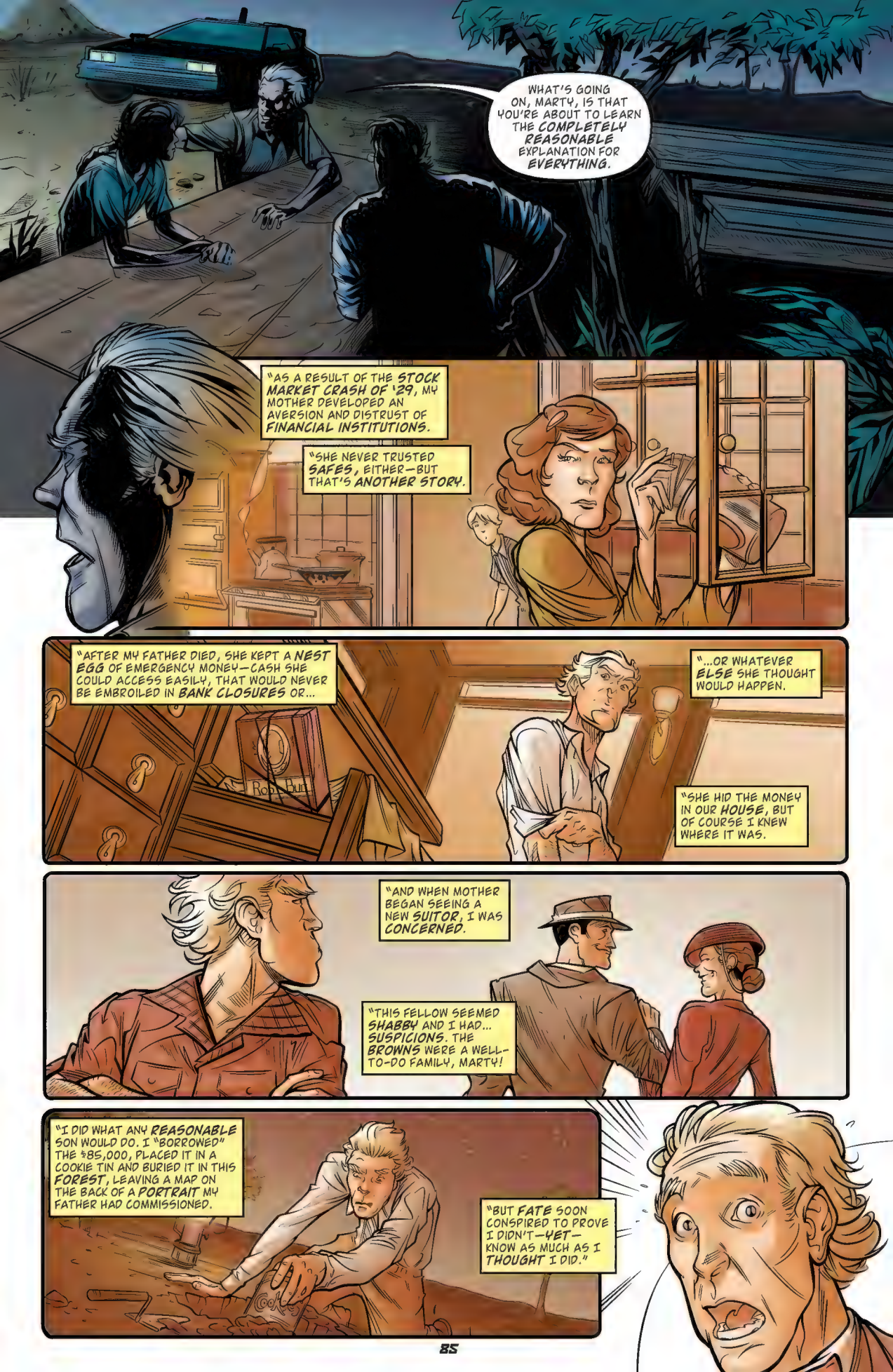
DON'T THREATEN ME, JOEY. YOU USED TO ENCOURAGE ME TO JUMP OFF STUFF.
WE'RE NOT GOING TO LEAP, ARE WE? I ESTIMATE IT'S 20 OR 30 METERS DOWN.
I WAS THERE TO CATCH YOU! THAT WAS THE POINT!
I WAS WATCHING OUT FOR YOU!
AND THAT'S WHAT GOT ME IN THIS MESS. LOOK, MARTY—LET ME EXPLAIN.
THAT SO-CALLED "MASTER CRIMINAL" BIFF WAS JABBERING ON ABOUT? TOTAL BUNK. HE WAS JUST A KID NAMED KEVIN. LOOKED A LITTLE LIKE YOU.
WHEN YOU WERE LITTLE, I ALMOST GOT HIM IN TROUBLE. HE WAS JUST TRYING TO LOOK AFTER ME ON ACCOUNT OF YOUR MOM AND DAD.
BUT I GOT HIM CAUGHT UP IN THE ELLSWORTH ROBBERY. BIFF PUT US UP TO IT, BUT WE COULDA RAN.
I MADE KEVIN GO THROUGH WITH IT—'CAUSE HE WASN'T GONNA LEAVE ME ALONE... AN' I WAS GOING THROUGH WITH IT.
I TOOK THE FALL—BECAUSE I DID THE CRIME, AND SAYING ANYTHING WOULDA GOT HIM IN TROUBLE.
I HOPE HE'S DOING OKAY THESE DAYS. I'M SURE GEORGE AND LORRAINE KNOW WHAT HE'S UP TO, BUT I NEVER HAD THE HEART TO ASK.
HE'S... I HEAR HE'S DOING GREAT, JOEY.
BUT WHAT WAS ALL THIS ABOUT? YOU DRAGGED US OFF INTO THE WOODS!
I INTUITED YOU CONSPIRED TO MURDER US!
THIS IS BECAUSE I JUST LEARNED BIFF'S A BIG DUMB OAF.
I WAS MAD AFTER THE WELCOME HOME PARTY. BUT THEN I THOUGHT—WHY WOULD ANYBODY TRUST ME? ALL THESE YEARS, I COULDN'T EVEN MENTION KEVIN OR THE COPS WOULD TRY TO FIND HIM.
STILL, WHENEVER LORRAINE WROTE ME, SHE WAS SO SUPPORTIVE; I THOUGHT EVERYTHING WOULD BE OKAY WHEN I GOT OUT.

BUT IT WASN'T. AND WHEN I SAW YOU DIDN'T TRUST ME—
—LIKE I SAID, I GOT MAD.
THEN BIFF CAME UP, BABBLING ABOUT SOME MAP HE DROPPED OFF AT YOUR HOUSE.
I PUT TWO AND TWO TOGETHER AND REALIZED YOU MUST'VE GOT THE PACKAGE FIRST.
I FIGURED WE'D BRACE YOU, YOU'D HAND IT OVER, AND EVEN WITH A MISSING CHUNK I'D BE ABLE TO FIGURE WHERE THE MONEY WAS BURIED.
IT TOOK ME SEEING HIM AS AN ADULT, BUT I FIGURED OUT BIFF'S NOT THE BEST MEASURE OF PUZZLE-SOLVING DIFFICULTY.
I DIDN'T EXPECT YOU'D HAVE THE MISSING PART OF THE MAP WITH YOU.
YEAH—UH, WHEN I KNEW YOU WERE GETTING OUT OF JAIL, I GOT... CURIOUS AND TOOK IT TO MY FRIEND, THE PROFESSOR HERE, TO ANALYZE IT.
WELL, IT WORKED OUT. I WANTED TO SET THINGS STRAIGHT ONCE AND FOR ALL—AND LEAVE NO QUESTION FOR BIFF ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED.
MRS. ELLSWORTH IS LONG GONE, BUT HER SON...
I WAS TAKING THE MONEY... AND GIVING IT BACK TO ITS RIGHTFUL OWNER.
...I JUST WANTED TO DO THE RIGHT THING, AND I GUESS I WAS A LITTLE SELFISH.
I WANTED YOU TO SEE I WAS DOING THE RIGHT THING.

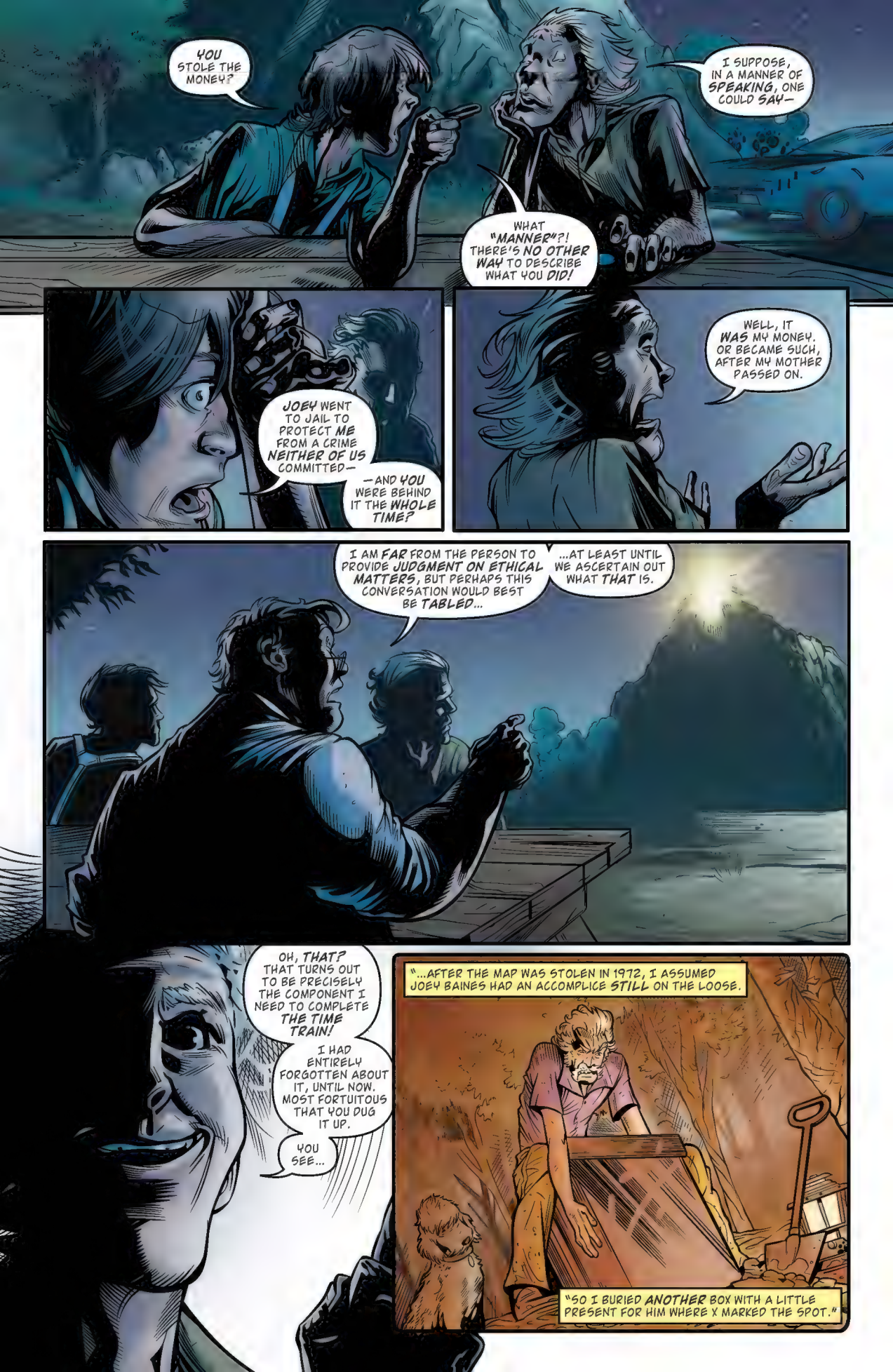
I GOT THE RIGHT THING FOR YOU!
OOF!
BIFF, YOU IDIOT, BE CAREFUL!
HELP!
WATCH IT—
WHOA!
MARTY! ARE YOU OKAY?
THE MONEY! IT'S MINE!
YAAAA!
MARTY! FAT GUY! SPEAK UP! SAY SOMETHING! TELL ME YOU'RE OKAY!
HOW CAN YOU THINK ABOUT MONEY AT A TIME LIKE THIS?
IF THEY'RE HURT—I'M GONNA KILL YOU, BIFF!

I'M SURE THEY'RE FINE.
NOW, GIMME!
WHAT THE HEY? THAT'S NOT MONEY.
BUT IT'S MINE!
H-HOW...?
YOWWW!
THAT'S WHAT YOU GET, YOU SELFISH, STUPID, GREEDY, COWARD!
I'M GONNA GET YOUR LANTERN AND FIND THOSE TWO, AND YOU'D BETTER PRAY THEY'RE OKAY!

W-WE'RE NOT DECEASED...?
DOC! YOU FOLLOWED US!
AFTER EVERYTHING THAT'S HAPPENED TODAY, DO THINK I'D TRUST THE TWO OF YOU TO GO HOME AND STAY OUT OF TROUBLE?
IT'S A GOOD THING, TOO. A FALL LIKE THAT COULD HAVE DIRE CONSEQUENCES.
CONSEQUENCES I'M DELIGHTED NOT TO HAVE EXPERIENCED.
ME TOO.
SO, DOC, I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU BURIED THE MONEY, BUT JOEY WANTED YOU TO HAVE IT BACK, FOR WHATEVER IT'S WORTH.
ARE YOU JESTING, MARTY?
I DUG THAT CURRENCY UP DECADES AGO.
WHY WOULD I LEAVE THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS IN THE WOODS?
WHAT IS GOING ON HERE?!

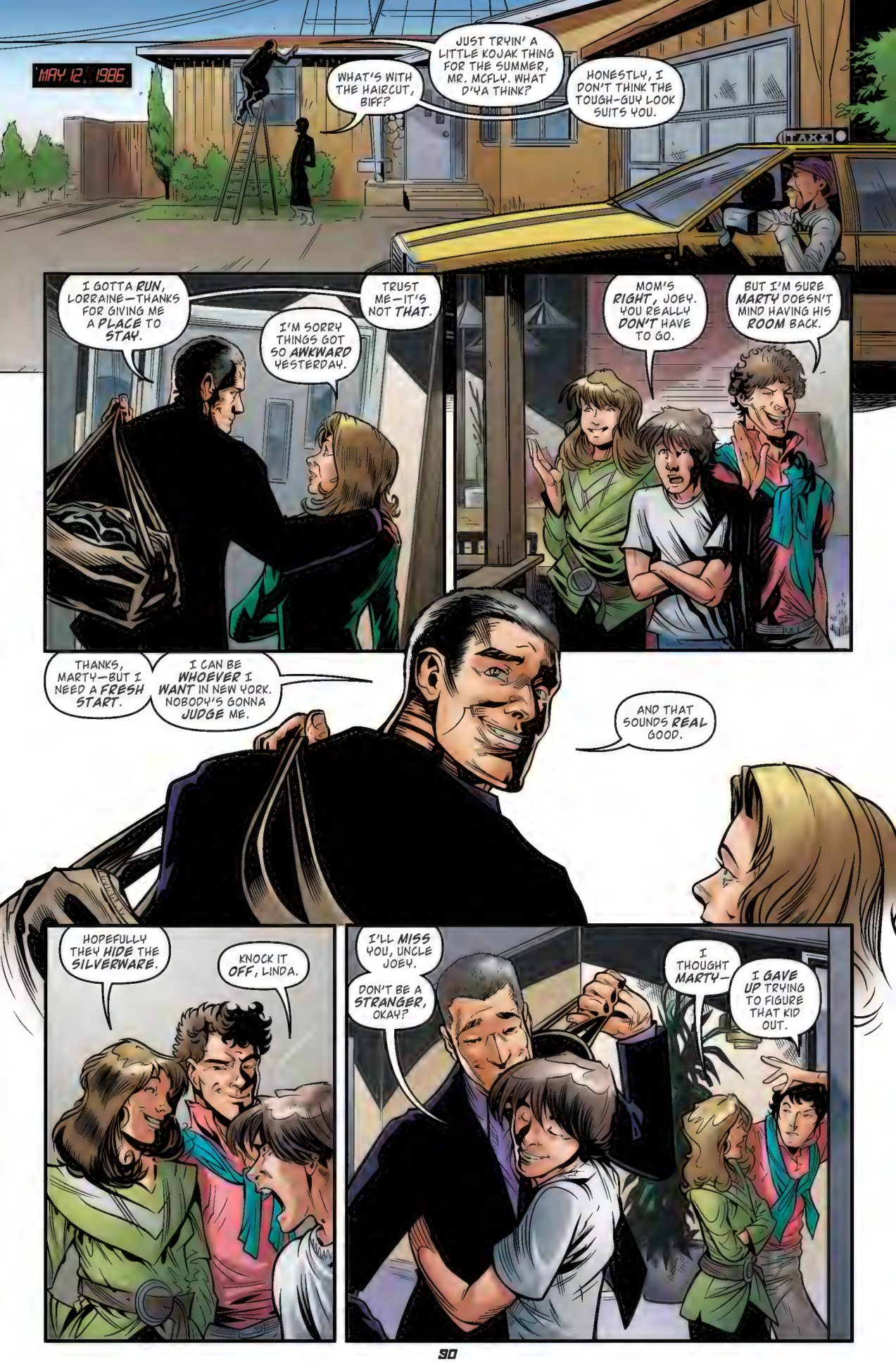

WHAT'S GOING ON, MARTY, IS THAT YOU'RE ABOUT TO LEARN THE COMPLETELY REASONABLE EXPLANATION FOR EVERYTHING.
"AS A RESULT OF THE STOCK MARKET CRASH OF '29, MY MOTHER DEVELOPED AN AVERSION AND DISTRUST OF FINANCIAL INSTITUTIONS.
"SHE NEVER TRUSTED SAFES, EITHER—BUT THAT'S ANOTHER STORY.
"AFTER MY FATHER DIED, SHE KEPT A NEST EGG OF EMERGENCY MONEY—CASH SHE COULD ACCESS EASILY, THAT WOULD NEVER BE EMBROILED IN BANK CLOSURES OR...
"...OR WHATEVER ELSE SHE THOUGHT WOULD HAPPEN.
"SHE HID THE MONEY IN OUR HOUSE, BUT OF COURSE I KNEW WHERE IT WAS.
"AND WHEN MOTHER BEGAN SEEING A NEW SUITOR, I WAS CONCERNED.
"THIS FELLOW SEEMED SHABBY AND I HAD... SUSPICIONS. THE BROWNS WERE A WELL-TO-DO FAMILY, MARTY!
"I DID WHAT ANY REASONABLE SON WOULD DO. I "BORROWED" THE $85,000, PLACED IT IN A COOKIE TIN AND BURIED IT IN THIS FOREST, LEAVING A MAP ON THE BACK OF A PORTRAIT MY FATHER HAD COMMISSIONED.
"BUT FATE SOON CONSPIRED TO PROVE I DIDN'T—YET—KNOW AS MUCH AS I THOUGHT I DID."

"IT TURNED OUT HER SUITOR WAS NONE OTHER THAN J.C. ELLSWORTH.
"AT THE TIME, THE ELLSWORTHS WERE THE CLOSEST THE WEST COAST HAD TO ROCKEFELLERS.
"HE'D PRETENDED TO BE POOR TO MAKE SURE MOTHER WASN'T MARRYING HIM FOR THE MONEY. VERY AMUSING, I'M SURE...
"...BUT THE END RESULT WAS $85,000 BECOMING SIGNIFICANTLY LESS RELEVANT TO MOTHER'S WELL-BEING.
" HOWEVER, I KNEW I COULD FIND A PROPER APPLICATION FOR THE CASH.
"AFTER ALL, I WAS A YOUNG MAN PURSUING IMPORTANT ENDEAVORS...
"...AND TIME MACHINES DON'T COME CHEAP, AS PROFESSOR IRVING CAN CONFIRM."
SO, IN A WAY, JOEY GOT HIS WISH—THE MONEY WAS RETURNED TO THE BROWN FAMILY.
LONG BEFORE HE EVEN THOUGHT ABOUT APPROPRIATING IT, IN FACT.


YOU STOLE THE MONEY?
I SUPPOSE, IN A MANNER OF SPEAKING, ONE COULD SAY—
WHAT "MANNER"?! THERE'S NO OTHER WAY TO DESCRIBE WHAT YOU DID!
JOEY WENT TO JAIL TO PROTECT ME FROM A CRIME NEITHER OF US COMMITTED—
—AND YOU WERE BEHIND IT THE WHOLE TIME?
WELL, IT WAS MY MONEY. OR BECAME SUCH, AFTER MY MOTHER PASSED ON.
I AM FAR FROM THE PERSON TO PROVIDE JUDGMENT ON ETHICAL MATTERS, BUT PERHAPS THIS CONVERSATION WOULD BEST BE TABLED...
...AT LEAST UNTIL WE ASCERTAIN OUT WHAT THAT IS.
OH, THAT? THAT TURNS OUT TO BE PRECISELY THE COMPONENT I NEED TO COMPLETE THE TIME TRAIN!
I HAD ENTIRELY FORGOTTEN ABOUT IT, UNTIL NOW. MOST FORTUITOUS THAT YOU DUG IT UP.
YOU SEE...
"...AFTER THE MAP WAS STOLEN IN 1972, I ASSUMED JOEY BAINES HAD AN ACCOMPLICE STILL ON THE LOOSE.
"SO I BURIED ANOTHER BOX WITH A LITTLE PRESENT FOR HIM WHERE X MARKED THE SPOT."

HEY, JOEY— SERIOUSLY... GET ME DOWN AND I'LL HELP YA LOOK FOR MARTY AND HIS FAT PAL.
I'M SURE THEY'RE OKAY, BECAUSE, HEY, A 50-FOOT FALL NEVER KILLED NOBODY.
AT LEAST, NOBODY I KNOW. AND, Y'KNOW, BROKEN BONES DO HEAL.
IF I CAN'T FIND 'EM, I'M GONNA TAKE MARTY'S TRUCK, BRING THE COPS BACK HERE AND WE'RE BOTH GONNA CONFESS TO KIDNAPPING!
NO, YOU'RE NOT...
...BECAUSE WE'RE RIGHT HERE, SAFE AND SOUND.
YOU'RE OKAY!
MARTY, I THOUGHT YOU WERE A GONER.
I SHOULDA LOOKED. I'M SORRY.
IT'S OKAY, JOEY. I SHOULD HAVE LOOKED HARDER, TOO.

WHAT DOES THAT MEAN, MARTY?
IT'S A LONG STORY.
BUT LOOK WHO RESCUED US...
DOCTOR BROWN...
I... I WANTED TO MAKE THINGS RIGHT.
MARTY TELLS ME YOU ALREADY DID. NO HARD FEELINGS, JOEY.
HEY! NOW THAT WE'RE ALL FRIENDS, COULD SOMEBODY GET ME DOWN?
OF COURSE, BIFF.
TZAAK
YEE-OWWW!
WHOOMP
I FEEL A CHILL.
HEY! HEY—DON'T LEAVE ME!
YOU CAN WALK HOME, BIFF. WE'RE TAKIN' THE TRUCK, YOU CAN HAVE THE LANTERN. THE LIGHT SHOULD KEEP THE BEARS AWAY.
BEARS?! HEY! HEEEYYY!


MAY 12 1986
WHAT'S WITH THE HAIRCUT, BIFF?
JUST TRYIN' A LITTLE KOJAK THING FOR THE SUMMER, MR. MCFLY. WHAT D'YA THINK?
HONESTLY, I DON'T THINK THE TOUGH-GUY LOOK SUITS YOU.
I GOTTA RUN, LORRAINE—THANKS FOR GIVING ME A PLACE TO STAY.
I'M SORRY THINGS GOT SO AWKWARD YESTERDAY.
TRUST ME—IT'S NOT THAT.
MOM'S RIGHT, JOEY. YOU REALLY DON'T HAVE TO GO.
BUT I'M SURE MARTY DOESN'T MIND HAVING HIS ROOM BACK.
THANKS, MARTY—BUT I NEED A FRESH START.
I CAN BE WHOEVER I WANT IN NEW YORK. NOBODY'S GONNA JUDGE ME.
AND THAT SOUNDS REAL GOOD.
HOPEFULLY THEY HIDE THE SILVERWARE.
KNOCK IT OFF, LINDA.
I'LL MISS YOU, UNCLE JOEY.
DON'T BE A STRANGER, OKAY?
I THOUGHT MARTY—
I GAVE UP TRYING TO FIGURE THAT KID OUT.

IT WAS NICE HANGING OUT WITH YOU AGAIN, MARTY.
I PROMISE I'LL—
AHEM.
LOOK WHO DECIDED TO STOP BY.
UH.
MOM? DAD?
LORRAINE SAID YOU WERE LEAVING. WE JUST WANTED TO SAY BYE, AND, THAT WE'RE GLAD YOU'RE BACK, AND WE HOPE YOU'LL DO BETTER—
—I MEAN, WON'T GET INTO ANY MORE TR—
SHE MEANS, WE WANT TO MAKE SURE YOU'LL BE BACK FOR THANKSGIVING.
IT HASN'T BEEN THE SAME WITHOUT YOU, SON.

I'M SORRY ABOUT YESTERDAY, DOC. I HOPE YOU'RE NOT MAD AT ME.
ON THE CONTRARY, MARTY.
THE UNINTENDED CONSEQUENCE OF YOUR ILL-ADVISED ADVENTURE HAS PROVIDED THE SOLUTION TO MY RECENT LABORS.
SO, ALL'S WELL THAT END'S WELL.
WELL, THAT'S A RELIEF.
I SECOND THAT SENTIMENT, MISS PARKER.
ANYWAY, MARTY—I'VE SPENT TOO LONG HERE.
I HAVE A WIFE AND CHILDREN TO GET BACK TO.
NO TIME WILL HAVE PASSED FOR THEM, BUT I HAVEN'T SEEN THEM FOR WEEKS.
WHAT DO YOU NEED THAT THING FOR, ANYWAY?
THE INERTIAL BUOYANCY DISPLACEMENT CONVECTOR CAN BE USED AS A WORKAROUND TO EFFECTIVELY BOOST THE ABILITIES OF COMMERCIAL 2017-ERA HOVER-TECH...
...ALLOWING SAID DEVICE TO ELEVATE THE TIME TRAIN EFFICIENTLY. GENIUS, DOCTOR BROWN!
WELL, OF COURSE.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, DOC? YOU'RE GONNA GO GALAVANTING AROUND HISTORY IN YOUR TRAIN?
YEAH— WEREN'T YOU JUST TALKING ABOUT THE DANGERS OF TIME TRAVEL?
UNSUPERVISED TIME TRAVEL, MARTY—A CONCEPT WITH WHICH YOU AND PROFESSOR IRVING ARE QUITE FAMILIAR. I WILL HAVE CLARA TO SUPERVISE ME.
MARCUS, YOU ARE WELCOME TO USE MY LAB. JUST DON'T TOUCH ANYTHING.
AND IF YOU NEED ME, MARTY, JENNIFER— LEAVE A NOTE. I'LL STILL CHECK, PERIODICALLY.

AFTER ALL, I DREAD TO THINK WHAT WOULD HAPPEN TO YOU WITHOUT MY CALMING INFLUENCE.
WELL, HE SURE DOESN'T WASTE TIME.
THAT REMINDS ME!
I'M NEARLY LATE FOR MY DATE WITH MISS SANCHEZ. I HATE TO MAKE AN ABRUPT DEPARTURE AS WELL, BUT...
I'LL SEE YOU AROUND, PROFESSOR. HAVE A GOOD TIME.
HOW COME I NEVER GET TO GO ON THESE ADVENTURES?
I'D LOVE TO SEE MY PARENTS IN BELL-BOTTOMS AND EIGHT-TRACKS.
THIS WASN'T AN ADVENTURE. ACTUALLY, I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT WAS, JENNIFER.
HEY. I'M SURE WE'LL SEE DOC AGAIN.
OH, I KNOW WE WILL.
I'M JUST HAPPY FOR HIM.
HE'S GOT WHAT HE ALWAYS WANTED...

"...A CHANCE TO DO WHAT HE LOVES, WITH THE PEOPLE HE LOVES."
THAT'S IT, CLARA.
EVERYTHING'S READY.
SEPT 9, 1893
OH, EMMETT! WHAT IF WE FORGOT SOMETHING?
THIS IS A TIME MACHINE, CLARA—WE CAN COME BACK AND GET IT.
RELAX—THIS WAS YOUR IDEA.
WOOF!
AND IT WAS A GOOD ONE.
BUCKLE UP, JULES AND VERNE...
...AND GET READY FOR THE FUTURE!
CONTINUED IN BACK TO THE FUTURE: TALES OF THE TIME TRAIN!

COVER ART BY TOM WHALEN

COVER PENCILS BY **BART SEARS**, INKS BY **ANDY SMITH**,
COLORS BY **NEERAJ MENON**

COVER ART BY **XAVI MONTELL**

COVER ART BY XAVI MONTELL

COVER ART BY **DENNIS CALERO**

COVER ART BY MIGUEL MERCADO

INKS BY MARCELO FERREIRA

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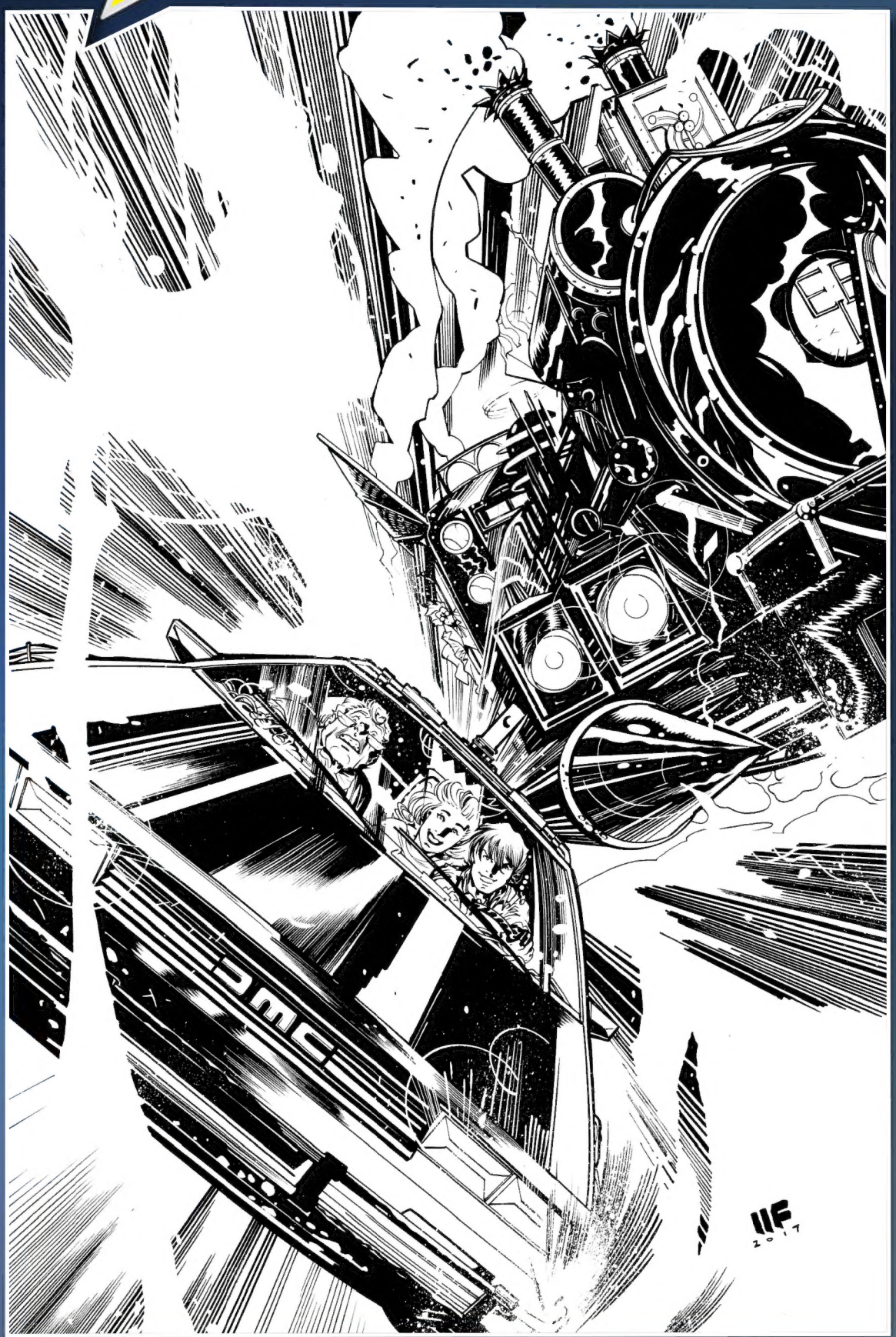
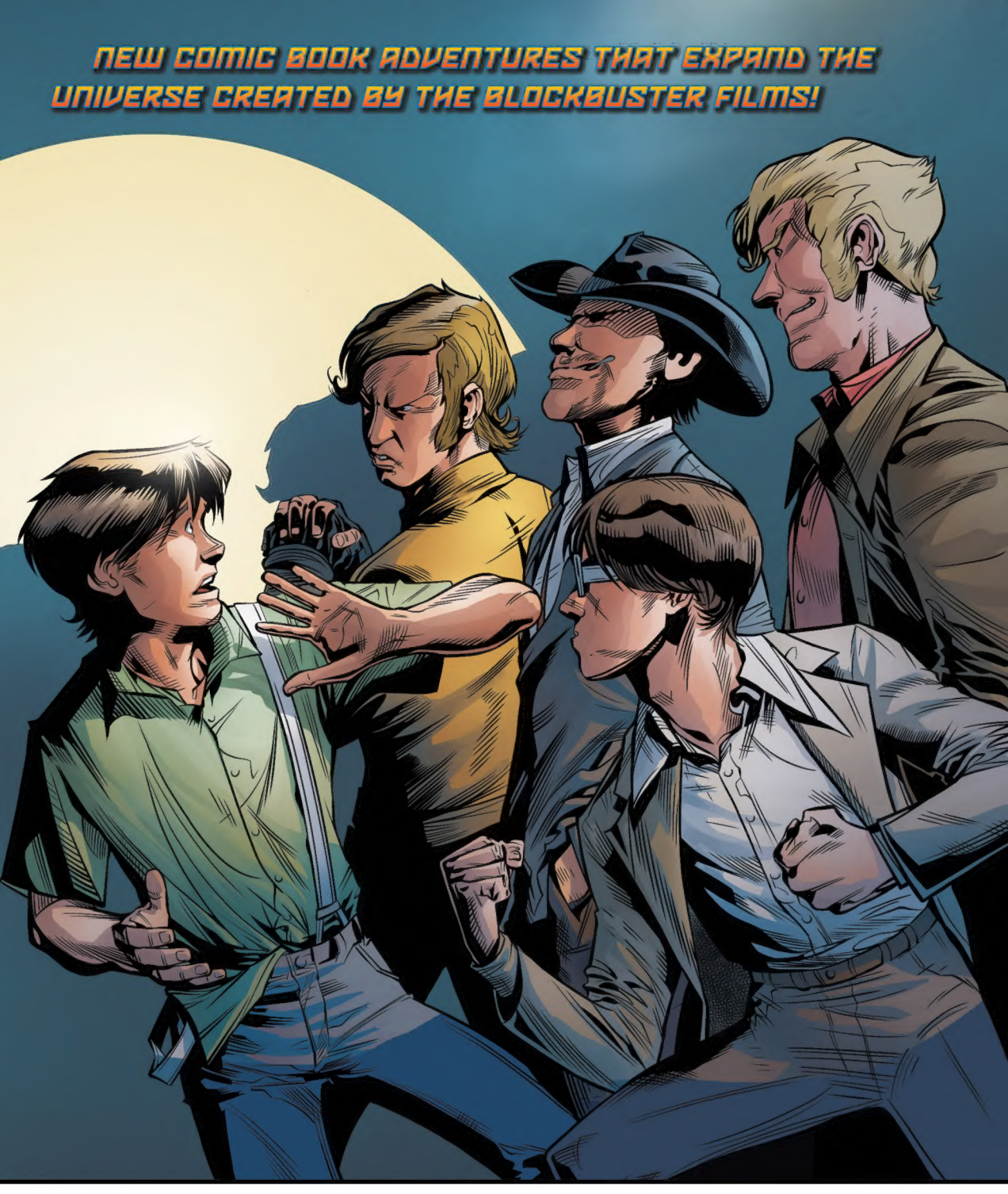
INKS BY **MARCELO FERREIRA**





On a mission to uncover the secrets that sent Jailbird Joey Baines to prison, Marty is trapped in 1972–and the DeLorean has vanished! Things go from bad to worse when Biff Tannen teams with 18-year-old Joey to break into a house... and they drag Marty along! Their target: Doc Brown's mom!

Written by co-creator/co-screenwriter **Bob Gale** and **John Barber**
with art by **Marcelo Ferreira** and **Athila Fabbio.**

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